

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS AN ARTICLE BY PERRY D. TRAFFORD ON THE HARVARD FOOT-BALL TEAM,  
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY

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THE EIGHTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW—A MOUNTED POLICEMAN CAPTURING A RUNAWAY HORSE.—DRAWN BY D. F. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 348.]



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## THE RESULT.

IN electing Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency, it must be assumed that the people have acted deliberately and with a full understanding of the significance and consequences of their choice. They have declared their approval of the principles and policy for which he stands, and their belief that he is a safer, wiser, and more patriotic American than the Executive whom he will succeed.

We need not say that, regarded from the standpoint of enlightened patriotism, this decision seems to us to be a mistaken one. The administration of President Harrison has been one of the purest, ablest, and most statesmanlike in our history. Its policy has been enlightened, patriotic, and genuinely American. It has sought in everything to insure the rights and promote the prosperity of the people. It has protected the national dignity and honor in every crisis and emergency. Contrasted with the administration of Mr. Cleveland, it stands in splendid eminence. We had believed that the popular verdict would be determined by these considerations. We had supposed, too, that the unexampled prosperity of the country, largely resulting from the protective system championed by the Republicans, would have a decisive influence in shaping the result. But none of these considerations seems to have been paramount with a majority of the electors.

The voice of the people is final, and it is useless to quarrel with their decision or the motives which induced it. However reactionary Democratic supremacy in the government may prove to be, the party cannot long arrest or stifle the progressive forces which, as the result of Republican ascendancy, have been embedded in the national life. There is in the ideas which the Republican party represents a reserve potency which may be relied upon to hold in check all revolutionary tendencies of the opposition and act as a corrective of all schemes and policies which embody positive danger to the public interests.

## PARTISAN INTOLERANCE.

THE election is over and past, and it is desirable that the excitement and passions engendered by the canvass should be allayed. But it is not easy, it must be confessed, to contemplate with complacency some of the phases of the campaign, especially as conducted in the Southern States. The virulence and intolerance which marked the Democratic canvass in Alabama and some other Southern States were hardly less pronounced and vehement than in the days immediately preceding the Civil War. The Bourbon Democracy have so long been in absolute control that any attempt on the part of whites or blacks to assert their independence and vote according to their convictions serves to bring all the rancor and vindictiveness of the ruling class into active play. In Alabama the appearance of the Populist spectre appears to have driven the Democratic leaders into a wild and uncontrollable frenzy, and they did not hesitate to resort to the most violent menace and intimidation to accomplish the overthrow of the daring and adventurous independents. Apparently apprehensive that the blacks would be led to give their support to the People's movement, some of the leading Democratic newspapers became absolutely brutal in their threats against the suspected class. The *Mobile Register*, one of the foremost and most influential Democratic organs of the State, used the following language in one of its articles on the course of the colored voters:

"If now, in spite of all this, the colored voters attempt to foist upon us this third party, who are enemies to their race and to the white Democracy, whose principles are those of the highwayman and whose logic is that of a set of stuttering idiots, we say now, clearly, pointedly, and with full deliberation and knowledge of the weight of our words, that so certain as Alabama goes for Weaver or Harrison on the eighth day of November, we do not intend to wait for a force law after next March to tie us hand and foot and to deliver us over to such black leaders as Wickersham, Booth and company, but the Alabama Legislature, meeting in November, will, before a new year sets in, take negro suffrage by the throat and strangle the life out of it. The colored voters can now take their choice. If they take the side of the white Populists against the white Democrats they can expect nothing further from us beyond the naked skeleton of the law. The bones will remain to meet the requirements of constitutional obligations, but the heart and soul, the flesh and blood and nerves, will be dissipated into empty nothingness."

We doubt if anything more intolerant and outrageous

than this has ever appeared in the pages of any reputable newspaper. The colored voters of Alabama are guaranteed by the organic law of the land the right of suffrage. They are free men, entitled to all the immunities and privileges of free men. They have just as much right to vote according to their convictions as the editor of the *Mobile Register* or any other citizen of the republic. But they are here told that if they dare to exercise that constitutional right contrary to the wishes of a partisan oligarchy, they will be disfranchised. They may vote if they will use their ballots to maintain a foul and rapacious partisan despotism, but if they undertake to exercise the highest function of citizenship in aspirit of independence they will be punished by deprivation of their most precious rights and held in perpetual bondage to their pitiless usurpers.

It is simply amazing that in this age of the world any intelligent man should suppose for an instant that the ideas of progress, freedom of speech and of the ballot can be arrested by any such insolent attempts as these. The time has passed when men can be frightened into subjection to a partisan domination resting upon injustice and a denial of constitutional rights. It may be that in the recent election some colored voters were constrained by the menaces directed against them to refrain from the exercise of the elective franchise, or to cast their ballots in favor of a party which they despise, but the growing power of intelligent public opinion will speedily make it impossible for any party in any State of this Union, by menace or duress, to deprive any class of men, whatever the color of their skin, of the primal right of citizenship.

## OUR NATURALIZATION LAWS.

IT is high time that our naturalization laws should be amended in the interest of the public safety. The facility with which citizens are now made under existing laws exposes the country to very serious and formidable dangers. Under a liberal construction, or a downright violation of these laws, aliens are naturalized in wholesale batches, without any regard whatever to the vital consideration of their fitness for the exercise of the suffrage. During the recent political campaign some of the courts in this city turned out newly-made citizens at the rate of one a minute. Over in New Jersey, in certain counties, Russians, Italians, and Hebrews, who had no perception whatever of the nature and dignities of citizenship, and no understanding of the Constitution and the laws, were naturalized in squads of fifty and one hundred at a time, the provisions of the law being deliberately disregarded by the courts in their eagerness to serve partisan bosses. In many cases the aliens so naturalized were utterly unable to speak the language of the country. Besides, many of them were practically paupers, having no real stake in the welfare of the communities in which they live.

All experience goes to show that our existing laws admit of the wholesale admission to citizenship of classes of men who constitute a serious menace to the social order and to good government. There can be no protection against misrule and the domination of the corrupt and vicious until we shall amend these laws by making a longer preliminary residence a requisite to naturalization, and requiring every person who appears as an applicant to be able to read and write the English tongue. To these requirements must be added provisions imposing heavy penalties for violations of the law by judicial officers, and absolutely prohibiting the issuance of papers of naturalization on the order of partisan candidates or committees. It has happened more than once that the character of the national administration and the quality of our national law has been actually determined by the votes of newly-naturalized aliens who had been dumped upon our shores as the refuse of the effete populations of Europe. In a matter which concerns the entire country and involves the welfare and security of citizens of all parties, there should be a common ground of action in the direction of a reform which is so obviously desirable.

## DISCONTENT AND SUFFERING ABROAD.

THE unrest and discontent which prevail among the unemployed classes in London constitute a serious menace to the public peace. There is no doubt that very great suffering exists, and in the existing social conditions of the great metropolis it is not surprising that threats of violence are sometimes resorted to. A demand for employment has been recently addressed to the local government board, but the indications are that it will be impossible to furnish work for any considerable number of persons. Meanwhile it is said the unemployed, as if anticipating a denial of their appeal, are formulating schemes which are little less than revolutionary in their purpose. It seems probable that the coming winter will develop difficulties which it will tax the ingenuity of the authorities to adjust satisfactorily. Simultaneously with the demonstrations in London, reports come from the larger cities of Spain, in which suffering exists among the working people, that it has been found necessary to employ the military to maintain the public peace. In some cases mobs have plundered the shops and bakeries, and there are almost daily accounts of riotous demonstrations in the streets. In some of the provinces of Mexico also the condition of the poorer

classes is becoming critical because of the lack of food. In Zacatecas free eating-houses have been established, and the government is also affording some relief, but it is said that there are several thousand famine-stricken people who are not reached by this assistance. It is painful to read of this want and suffering in other countries, and we cannot but gratefully acknowledge our own freedom from the ills to which they are exposed.

## THE INFLUENCE OF THE NOVEL.

THE reports of both public and private libraries show that books of fiction taken out to be read largely outnumber those of all other kinds combined. These reports also show, so far as the free libraries are concerned, that the great majority of readers are young people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five. It therefore follows that the novel must exert a very great influence in moulding the minds and morals of the young.

In a contemporary magazine, that ever charming essayist, Charles Dudley Warner, makes a plea for the purity of our fiction. He says: "Literature cannot escape its responsibilities. The literature of a people is largely the creator of the moral atmosphere of that people. From the word to the deed is but a step; from the printed suggestion to the unlawful act the way is as straight as the flight of an arrow." The essayist insists upon this responsibility, and maintains that it outweighs our great concern for the absolute freedom of utterance and publication. He shows that ideas that corrupt or that save society "do not originate from below; they filter down from serene heights through the masses." He says that nearly every social disorder is the child of some closet thought set afloat in the world, and as a parallel to this assertion he quotes Carlyle's remark that there is certain to be trouble when a thinker is let loose in the world. He maintains that it was the literature of France, the novels of France, that paved the way for those social disorders that made the world stand aghast.

Madame St. Blaze de Bury, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, has traced the decadence of the period in France from 1800 to 1840. "Here, then," she says, "began that long series of bad examples set forth by French fiction, the influence of which was destined to expand till, by the strange progression of evil thought into evil deed, it culminated in active crime, and was embodied in such heroes of infamy as Lacenaire or Banzini, and in the typical malefactors from Troppman down to the anarchists of to-day. All these were engendered by the printed thought, by the subtle teaching of the book." George Sand, Chateaubriand, and Victor Hugo, with their dramatic types, all tended to open the downward road in fiction and poetry. "The gospel of transgression is preached and responsibility for such preaching is denied. To the cynical spirit the moral is nothing, the style is everything; the realist asserts that he is no more responsible for the effects of his scenes of vice and degradation in the printed page than for the effect of his shameless pictures in the salon." And neither is he more responsible in one instance than the other. Both novels and pictures are hurtful in their tendency, and for that hurt both author and artist are responsible to themselves and to the world. Mr. Warner concludes his essay by an appeal to American writers "to open wide the new day, to infuse hopefulness into life, to fight materialistic tendencies, to cease to expect to make the world better by the exhibition of its debasement and vulgarity, and to hold up an ideal for inspiration."

When Mr. Warner contributes to a magazine, any other contributor, whoever he be, is apt to be the author of an article or story only second in importance. This is unquestionably the case with the number of the magazine to which we allude, and therefore very probably the majority of readers read Mr. Warner's essay before anything else. If they did read it first they were doubtless not a little shocked to find in another part of the magazine a French story by François Coppée of the very nature that Mr. Warner had rebuked. This was a story of the kind of French life that decent young people in America ought not to know anything about. Even the style of the story was not artistic enough to even be urged by a realist as an apology for its publication. Indeed, we had been taught by Theodore Child in the same magazine that M. Coppée was no "great shakes" of a writer, anyhow. Something must have gone wrong when this number of the magazine was made up. There was once a Western editor who had a happy-go-lucky way of making up his editorial page. He had a dozen or more volunteer aids who wrote articles for him. These he put in a pigeon-hole, and when "copy" was needed he gave them out without examination. One morning he was horrified to find four articles on the same subject in his paper, and each taking a different view. He called his volunteer aids together and said to them: "Gentlemen, the first principle of newspaper making is that the paper should consist." This is also true of magazines. What good purpose can Mr. Warner's sermons serve if in the same magazine we read a story of that forbidden life which should also be forgotten?

## ARE FRANCHISES PROPERTY?

Is a recent Washington dispatch it was said that a case of vast importance had just been argued in the Supreme



Court. The question under discussion was stated to be, whether the franchise of a corporation is to be considered as property, and is to be taken into account by the government when the latter condemns the property of corporations for the use of the United States,—the franchise in controversy being one relating to a dam of a navigation company on the Monongahela River. It was said also that the Attorney-General contended that Congress has power to fix by legislation the price of the plant or to take it without paying anything.

The report was meagre, and without knowing the exact questions to be determined, no fair comment can be made on the case. But it seems difficult to understand how a question can now be made as to whether the franchises of corporations—not the franchise to be a corporation, but those governmental privileges which are the basis of their existence—are property or not; and if they are, whether the government can take them without compensation. It would seem that these points have been long settled by the national Constitution and by the decision of the supreme tribunal. The original Constitution contained nothing on the subject, but it would never have been adopted but for the certainty that its deficiencies would soon be supplied by amendment. And the fifth of the first ten amendments, adopted soon afterward, provided that "no person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law; nor shall private property be taken for public use without just compensation."

If the franchises of corporations are property, they cannot be taken for public use without payment of their value as property. That they are property would seem not only to be obvious as a matter of fact, but settled by judicial decision and legislative action. The Supreme Court defined franchises as "special privileges conferred by government upon individuals and which do not belong to the citizens of the country generally by common right." And it has frequently held that such privileges are property, liable to be taxed, capable of being mortgaged, and subject to all the incidents of property. In a recent case holding that the franchise of a railroad company passed by a sale of the road in bankruptcy, the court said that if the franchise of the right to occupy the streets did not pass, all that the purchaser took was a lot of ties and iron rails which he could be compelled by the city at any time to remove; and in another case it said that the franchises of a railroad corporation are rights and privileges which are essential to its operations, and without which its works and road would be of little value.

The Railroad Tax law of New Jersey, which has been so much discussed, expressly provides that in the assessment of railroad property the "value of the franchise" shall be separately estimated, and this was upheld by the Court of Errors and Appeals.

If these franchises are property which can be taxed, mortgaged, and transferred, there seems to be no room for discussion as to whether the government can apply them to public use without compensation. As the Supreme Court recently said in a case where the government had actually taken certain water rights for Washington without condemnation proceedings, "the law will imply a promise to make the required compensation, such implication being consistent with the constitutional duty of the government, as well as with common justice."

If the case lately argued involves any attempt to overthrow these fundamental principles, it is indeed one of great importance. Those State socialists who desire that the general and State governments should take over all railroad, telegraph, telephone, and public-lighting property would be glad to learn that it can lawfully be done by ignoring all values derived from governmental or municipal rights and privileges, and paying only for the different lots of rails, ties, wires, and other tangible property employed in making those rights and privileges available for public use and advantage.

#### HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

It is obvious that Mr. Gladstone does not find his task of framing the Home Rule bill for Ireland an easy one. While the principle of the bill appears to be settled upon, the adjustment of the details is quite likely to bring the ministry into collision with the Irish Nationalists. The latter have understood from assurances made during the recent Parliamentary campaign that the bill would provide for a full representation of Irish members in the Imperial Parliament. It is now said that the Cabinet proposes to reduce the number of members entitled to vote on Imperial questions from one hundred and three to seventy-eight. A decision as to what constitutes an Imperial question has not yet been reached, and it is precisely at this point that one serious difficulty arises. It is also said that the bill will embody a provision that the Imperial Parliament shall by a two-thirds majority have a power of veto on all bills passed by the Irish Parliament. This is objected to by the Home Rulers, who demand that the sole right to veto such bills shall be vested in the Crown, under the direct counsel and advice of the Parliament at Dublin. As to this particular point, an agreement seems improbable. The bill will give the Irish Parliament control over the police and the judiciary, and will make liberal provision for the settle-

ment of land questions, after the funds under existing purchase acts have been exhausted. These provisions are, naturally enough, entirely satisfactory to the McCarthy wing of the Home Rule party. Mr. Gladstone has met and solved many grave problems in the course of his Parliamentary career, but it is difficult to see how, in the present temper of the Irish people, he will be able to construct a Home Rule bill which will command the united support of his slender Parliamentary majority.

#### THE ILLNESS OF THE POPE.

POPE LEO is a very old man, and in the nature of things his life cannot be prolonged for a great many years. He has never been a man of robust health, and therefore on account of the importance that attaches to his life there is much concern and anxiety about him. We have recently had conflicting reports as to the condition of the health of the supreme pontiff. One report had him found fainting and unconscious; another represented him as well and vigorous. The truth probably is that his condition is about midway between these two, and that he is neither fainting nor vigorous, but calmly and serenely waiting for the end that comes to good and bad alike.

When Leo ascended the papal throne he found the affairs of the Roman Church in great embarrassment. This was not only in Italy but in other parts of northern Europe, notably in Germany. With the same rare wisdom that he displayed in administering the affairs of Perugia when he was a bishop, he now attacked the problems which, unsolved, were as binding fetters to the feet of his venerable predecessor. And his success in pacifying the animosities of the political enemies of the Vatican has been most wonderful. His policy in all of his diplomatic dealings has been conciliatory. He has repressed the hot heads among his own adherents; he has with mildness disarmed the most noisy enemies of the Holy See. That a man of such serene wisdom, calmness of judgment, and patience in action should continue at the head of the Roman Church is a matter of great importance to others than members of that church. It is of the greatest moment to several European countries that the ordinary politics of the day should not be complicated with religious questions. A cool and wise head of the Church in Rome is to be prayed for by all to whom the peace of the world is dear.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE apprehensions felt by some timid folk that the ill-advised instructions given by certain Democratic officials to officers of election would lead to a collision of the Federal and State authorities, on Tuesday last, were not realized. Even violent partisans are apt to think twice before undertaking to override Federal law and defy its representatives. Spite of the bluster of the politicians and the rant of the partisan newspapers, the election in New York was one of the most peaceful of recent years.

OUR great railway corporations are quick to adopt all appliances which seem likely to contribute to the safety of travel. The Pennsylvania Railway Company is now considering the question of lighting its tracks at night through its entire system with electricity, and to that end is experimenting with different methods. Its purpose is to so completely flood the tracks as to make the use of headlights on locomotives unnecessary, and the experiments so far made seem to justify the confidence that it will be able to achieve this result. Undoubtedly the adoption of the electric light will make travel by railway much more comfortable and safe.

THERE are some people who will no doubt regret the opening of a railway in Palestine as a desecration of the sanctity of the Holy Land. It certainly does sound queerly to learn that the screeching of the locomotive and the rumbling of railway trains are disturbing these ancient and sacred solitudes. But it was inevitable in the march of progress that Palestine should be opened to travel and to commerce, and the average tourist will welcome with real satisfaction the innovation which relieves him of many of the discomforts of travel. The disappearance of the donkey from that country will be in no sense a misfortune which any one who has ever been compelled to use him as a means of travel will seriously regret.

THE manufacturers of Fall River, Massachusetts, who recently voted an increase of seven per cent. in the wages of their operatives are wise in their generation. It is said that as a result of this voluntary increase some eight hundred thousand dollars more will be paid out in these mills in wages during the ensuing year, if business shall remain as it now is, than has been paid during the present year. Such action on the part of the employers, admitting their employés to a share in the profits of their business, is eminently wise and significant. If the time shall come when this principle shall be generally recognized very much less will be heard of strikes and labor disputes.

THE complaint is made that many of the Indian children for whom schools are provided fail to take advantage of

the opportunities which they afford. It is said that of nineteen hundred children of school age among two branches of the Apaches and Pueblos, less than eleven hundred ever appear in school, and these very irregularly. It would seem that if it is worth while to provide these schools, attendance upon them should be made compulsory, as is suggested by the Indian commissioner. While considerable progress has been made in the work of Indian education, the policy of the government in this direction can never achieve its largest and best results until some law of this kind is placed upon the statute-books.

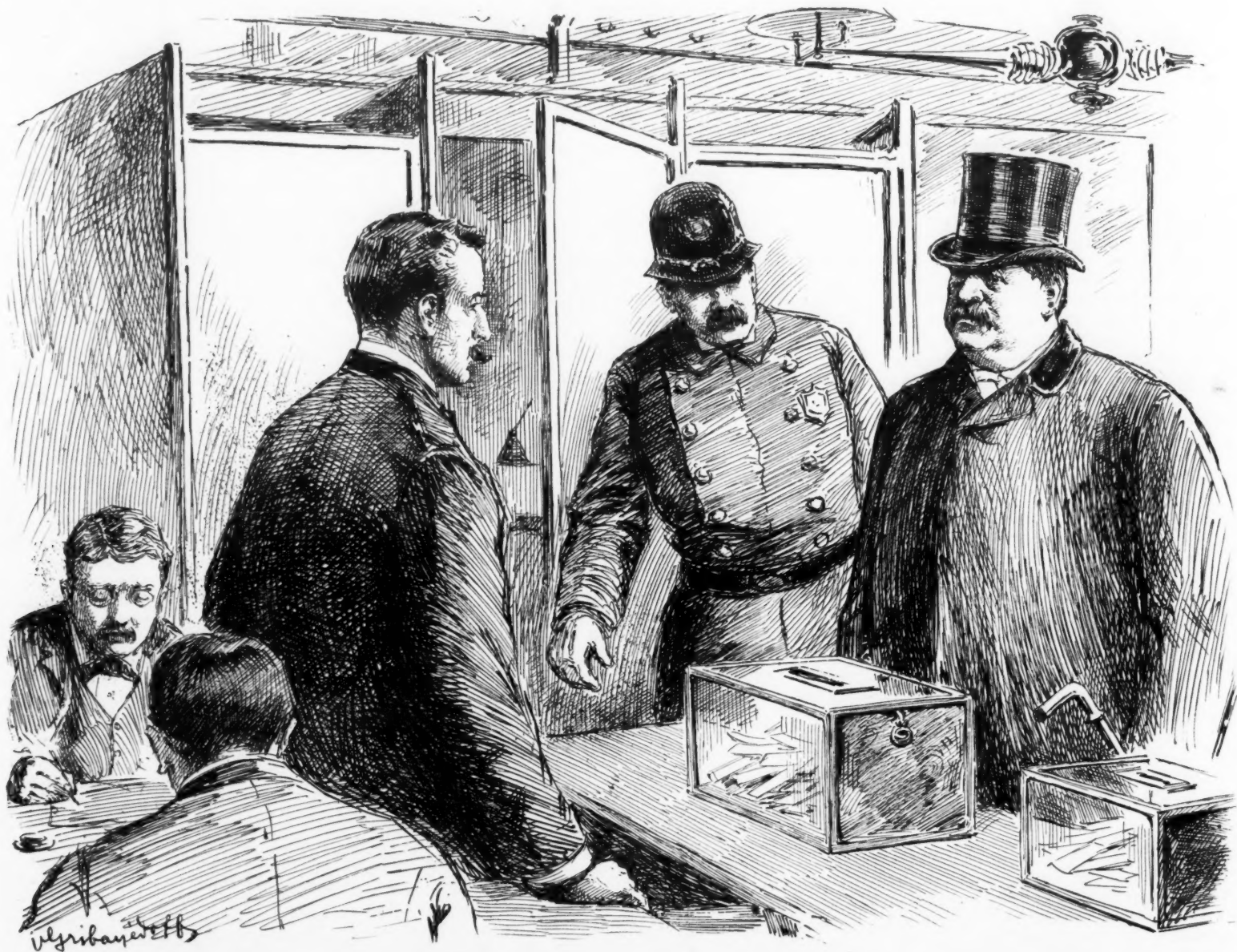
THE decline of British agriculture has led the landlords to turn their lands largely to other uses than the growing of corn. For some years past land has been more and more devoted to pasturage. More recently it is being put to another use. A recent return shows that suitable land is now being constantly planted, and that the acreage under woodland, which is diminishing in most civilized countries, is steadily increasing in England. According to the London *Spectator* the woodland surface of Great Britain ten years ago was computed at 2,458,000 acres. Four years ago the acreage thus occupied had increased to 2,561,000 acres, while the measurements taken in 1891 show a further advance to 2,695,000 acres. None of this increase is in Ireland, where it would be supposed that some attention would be given to this method of utilizing lands which prove unprofitable for grazing and corn-growing purposes.

AMONG the questions with which Mr. Gladstone's government has to deal is that of the evicted tenants in Ireland. The demands of the Irish people as to this question have recently been formulated by Mr. John Dillon, who insists that all tenants "who can show to the new commission that they have been unjustly evicted during the past thirteen years must be reinstated in their holdings." He expects furthermore "that these tenants will be reinstated on terms that will enable them to live and thrive in their homes." It is not at all probable that Mr. Dillon's expectations in this particular will be realized. With his narrow majority of thirty-eight in the House of Commons, it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Gladstone will be able to reinstate all tenants who may have been "unjustly evicted" during a period of thirteen years, if, indeed, he can put back in their holdings tenants who have been evicted during a more recent period. It is to be remembered, as the London *Spectator* puts it, that the phrase "unjustly evicted" means in Ireland evicted for not paying any rent that a tenant chooses to consider unfair.

EARLY in January next a party of one hundred prominent American manufacturers will make a tour of inspection in Mexico with a view of acquainting themselves with the openings for American trade and the conditions upon which it can be carried on. While our trade among the Mexicans has no doubt increased somewhat since the opening of railway communication, it is still true that the knowledge of the country possessed by our business men is comparatively limited. If enlarged business relations are to be established, the result must obviously come through a better mutual acquaintance. One difficulty heretofore has been that our manufacturers, instead of conforming their wares and their methods of business to suit their purchasers, have undertaken to change Mexican methods to suit their own ideas. Foreign merchants and manufacturers, the English, French, and German, have pursued directly the opposite policy, and they have as a consequence commanded the greater part of the Mexican trade. No doubt the proposed incursion of representative manufacturers will lead to practical results.

IT was a gracious thing for our government to extend an invitation to the Queen Regent of Spain to visit the World's Fair as the nation's guest. It appears, however, that the Queen will not, for constitutional reasons, be able to come. This is certainly to be regretted. Our people would have extended her a royal welcome, not only because she is sovereign of the country which sustains a close historic relation to the New World, but because of her personal worth and her high qualities as a ruler. Any disappointment that we may feel, however, as to her inability to visit us, will be moderated by the announcement that the Prince of Wales may possibly make it convenient to run over and look at the great fair. It is true that the Prince is not altogether the sort of man that the best Americans most admire, but in the present Anglo-mania, when so many of our people are possessed of the spirit of adoration for everything British, he would no doubt be received with *éclat*, and his visit would serve a purpose in affording American flunkies an opportunity of wallowing in the dirt at the feet of royalty. There is an intimation, too, that the Mikado of Japan may find it possible to visit this country during the progress of the fair. We suspect that this announcement is not altogether authorized, but if the Mikado, accompanied by his wife, should quit his seclusion and come to our shores, his welcome would be a generous one, as befits an enlightened ruler, anxious in everything to promote the prosperity of his people along the lines of genuine progress.





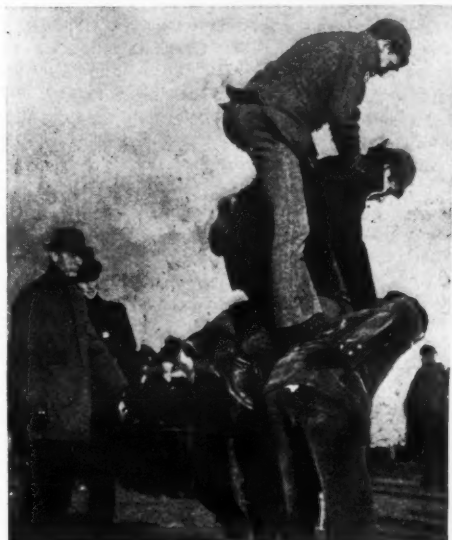
MR. CLEVELAND AT THE POLLS.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



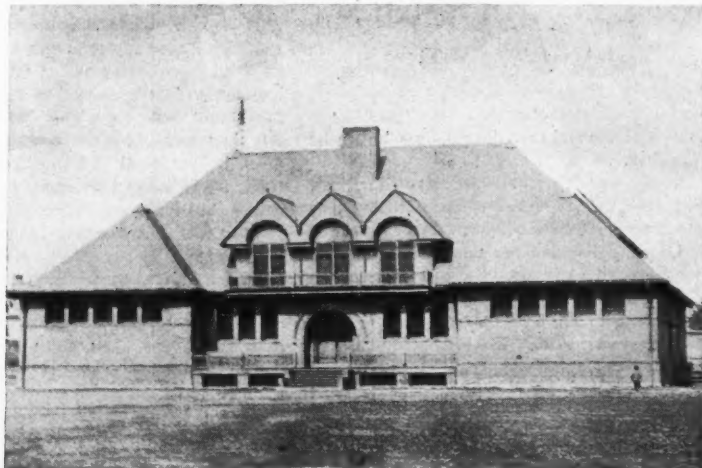
CORRIDOR OF THE HOFFMAN HOUSE—BETTING ON THE RESULT.—DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIS.

INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT ELECTION IN NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 344.]





WATCHING SECRET PRACTICE OVER THE FENCE.



CAREY BUILDING AT HARVARD COLLEGE.



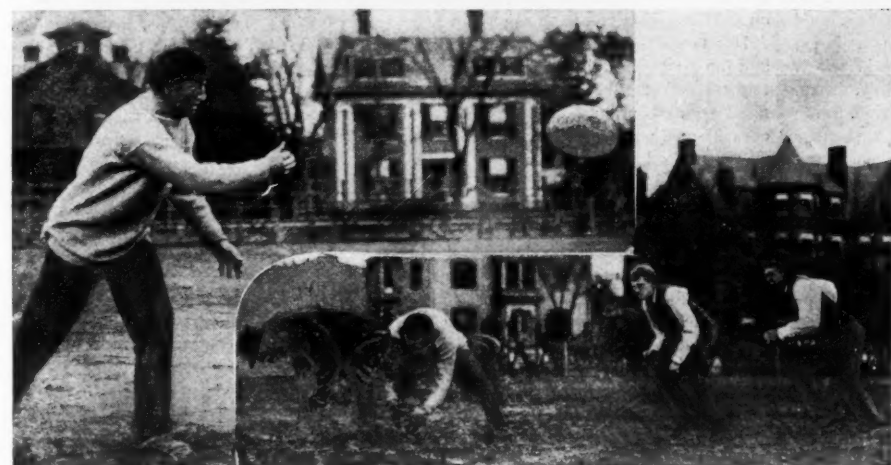
CORBETT CATCHING THE BALL FOR A PUNT.



TRAFFORD CATCHING THE BALL ON A SNAP-BACK.



WORKING THE "V" TRICK.



TRAFFORD PASSING THE BALL.



A COACHER INSTRUCTING THE MEN HOW TO FALL ON THE BALL.



THE HARVARD FOOT-BALL TEAM.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE ARTICLE BY PERRY D. TRAFFORD, HARVARD COACH, ON PAGE 345.]



## THE PRIDE OF MARGARET ALLEYNE;

OR, GLIMPSES AT A NEW ENGLAND FAMILY.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

At the age of seventy, and doubtless for very many years before, my grandmother evidently thought that most troubles come from people not minding their own business. Her own did not. She had an idea that those who properly mind their own business have their hands sufficiently full. Her's were. She was of an old Dutch Boston family; and about as unlike my idea of a Dutch person as I can imagine. Her profile, with its high nose and self-contained lips, was as clean-cut as a cameo; and though certain ancients grew enthusiastic over her old-time beauty it always seemed to me that she was more beautiful at seventy than at any other time; for she was slim and active, and though her face had, of course, some lines in it, there was also in each cheek a most delicate bloom, like that of a faintly colored apple-blossom, as if she had never left her girlhood or had gained a second one. What a face it was!—after three death tragedies and the loss of five sons handsome as Greek gods—a face that in its superb, high-strung calm concealed all this, as well as those other griefs which had succeeded each other as surely as the winters of her life, only more frequently.

For the twenty-five years in which I remember her she was never out of mourning; and if I can imagine her yielding to a feminine weakness it must have been to a sense of satisfaction in her crape and in the sombre grandeur of the funerals which so often wheeled away down the gravel drive from the great, old-fashioned stone house. For it was a by-word throughout a radius of fifteen miles that "if the Alleynes did not entertain much, their funerals were beyond reproach." At these times the refreshments in the side room, brought up from the cellars below, were said to be excellent, and the tenants, who always had a carriage drive on funeral days, were especially looked after. In fact, I think many country-side people were kept in best black kids for many a day after an Alleynes funeral. I know I was. We always divided the remaining boxes, and as I never could use black kids I still have a package of them somewhere.

One night, long ago, grandma and I had had our customary game of backgammon or draughts, when we got talking of those who had died, and then she who was without a history but who held the histories of many—she who forgot nothing and told nothing—went up-stairs and brought down a brown cotton bag full of pictures. They were the old daguerreotypes, each in a black case kept closed with brass hooks; and without the right light on them you could see nothing but metallic sheen and glass. When the pictures were taken out her familiarity with their outside appearance was evident, for she picked out one and, before she opened the case, said: "This is a picture of Herbert."

After looking at it for a moment she added, "We took him to England, at last, hoping to get better medical advice. But he was even then far gone, and could only eat peaches."

All I ever knew about Herbert was that in the old days, when forcing-houses were scarce, those peaches had been expensive; and, being young, I spoke of it:

"Yes; mother says they cost a guinea each."

Grandma was looking at the handsome face that had the silky side-whiskers of the old time, and when after a moment she carefully closed the case and very gently put it back in the brown bag all she said was, "We were very fond of Herbert." Any other woman would have sighed. But Margaret Alleynes never allowed herself to be seen sighing, or to in any way pose for sympathy. Her face just lifted a little and she seemed to steal a longer breath than usual through her sensitive, thorough-bred nostrils, while the kind mouth took its restrained look.

So, except as to those peaches, Herbert always remained a mystery; though I knew much about the next one, Ebenezer. At my college his name was blazoned thirteen times in gold letters on the walls of the convocation hall, and the glimmering old copper-plate now disclosed one whose poems, for rhythm, melody and tenderness, could not be distinguished from those of Moore; one of which was lately re-read at convocation forty-four years after it took the gold medal. As the mother glanced from the picture to the glass-fronted book cases which were crammed with his prizes and to shelves filled with law-books I knew she was wondering why the brilliant scholar and lawyer was sent to this world, to rise gloriously in all beauty, endear every living soul to him, to coruscate like a

fountain of fire and then die childless before he was thirty.

Silently we put away the portrait of Ebenezer, her genius, one of the few compensations of the proudest woman I ever knew, who was credited with docility because her omnipotent sense of duty mastered a volcano.

Yes; the same high spirit (and she was made of it) went to all her children, though none mastered it as she did. It whirled Harold away like a leaf in a tempest; and as she opened his picture-case I said: "Ah, poor Harold! What a beauty he was!"

"Why! can you remember him?"

"Perfectly. I was five years old. He was cleaning his guns in the shade near the kennels with a lot of hunting dogs around him on the grass. I remember the kitchen tables covered with game and being shown his yacht. How all the life here fascinated me!"

And I closed the case quickly, for I thought it was too much for her. Just twenty-one, he was; and because his father checked him and one day refused to allow him to take out a certain pair of horses he went up-stairs in a whirl of passion and put a gun-shot through his heart. And I never knew what terrors a sound could bring, or that grandma could show a trace of weakness, until one day, years after, when only Sidney, the youngest son, was left at home, he accidentally discharged a gun in his bedroom. The explosion of Harold's gun when he took his own life had registered itself in the mother's heart, and now when she heard the same deafening sound shaking the house she put her hand to her heart and seized the door for support as she gasped out to me, "It's Sidney—run!"

I forget whose picture was opened next; but taking them in the order of the funerals I attended we can say it was that of the husband and father. Thomas Alleynes was a large, powerful man with a massive head, in which the gray eyes, partly covered by heavy, drooping eyelids, told nothing of his brooding, fertile thoughts. He was a banker, with peculiar ability for foreseeing the coming business centres of the United States, buying land by the acre at Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other cities when these were in their infancy, and selling it years afterward by the foot. He had the inactive look which, with the heavy-lidded eyes and general ability, made his appearance a sort of cross between James G. Blaine and Lord Salisbury.

Grandma closed his portrait and opened that of Marcellus, in whose handsomeness the Alleynes fire appeared softened to gentleness—a good son, husband, and father, fond of quiet business and good shooting, and blessed with an evenly-balanced temperament.

Tragedy No. 2 came next—the picture of her daughter Millicent's husband, whose head, during a dispute, a well-known bully out West had ground against the floor with his boot—getting shot dead for his uncalculated exertion. Millicent's husband was condemned to be hanged for this, as the prosecution was urged on by a powerful family. And what saved him? Well, of course the Alleynes money, which the eldest son, Junius Alleynes, of Chicago, had been turning into millions. But who moved Junius Alleynes and his money? Why, little grandma, two thousand miles away, who added a cubit to her stature and said that Millicent and her children must be saved from disgrace of gallows. They were. It took a long time, and the prisoner died as soon as he got free; but how much did grandma suffer in the meantime for Millicent's sake?

It will be seen that when I was with the old lady, who never was old, but only wise, we sometimes spoke but little. Most of her children and grandchildren seemed to regard her as one preserved from a past age especially to give them pleasure or comfort; but when I visited her during holidays we often seemed like some ruminating creatures herding together silently but sociably. As is usual in most lives, the worst troubles, the silent heart tragedies, must be secreted; but what I call tragedy No. 3 took several years to culminate.

Her youngest son, Sidney, was only six years my senior, and we joined, when possible, in nearly all the sports, especially yachting, riding, boxing, and boat-racing. But this was in the younger days, when his figure was the exact counterpart of the Belvedere Apollo—slim hips and all—not the best figure to last, but wonderfully fine to look at. How often I have seen grandma's face lift in its proud way as this six-foot-one-in-his-stockings strode out in his tight white buckskins, long, shining boots and spurs, to mount his horse. In this family of dare-

devils, whose accidents with horses alone would fill a book, a young man did not improve his standing if unready to mount any horse in the stables. My mother and Aunt Millicent rode like birds, as the saying is; and so did my heroine of seventy when she was younger. Ah, they were all so lovely and brave, and I must be pardoned my irrepressible vanity in them, for in sixteen countries have I found no family that approached them in beauty.

So it was a continuous grief to the widow when her last-born son, lacking the father's iron hand, fell into headlong courses. A disappointment, a high spirit pampered, self-control abandoned, perhaps an idea that his ruin was picturesque, a fall on his head from the saddle, the worthless prophecy of a clairvoyant that he would not live the year, nerve for yachting gone, life became a frenzy, and then, one day, when he was only twenty-nine, a gentleman came in a cab from the club to say that Sidney had become dangerously crazy and had attacked several. He begged the mother to bolt the doors, or escape from the house, as Sidney knew nobody and might kill anybody.

I will never forget her polite and composed thanks to the caller, and how her tell-tale nostrils quivered a sort of sniff at the idea of her fleeing. She asked him to drive to Dr. Ridley and send him in a cab; and soon after he left the front door thundered open, and in came Sidney with a rush, slamming the door after him and bolting it. Then he came toward the library where we were, not with his old cavalry stride swinging through the long hall, but with a quick, cat-like movement that had a horrid suggestion in it. It was a moment in which anything might happen. And grandma's face lifted.

At the door he stopped, looking awful. And then the mother, letting her voice reach him before she did, went toward him as she spoke in a clear tone:

"Why, you are quite late for lunch, Sidney. But I have kept some for you, and a cool drink on the ice. Will you have some now?"

Her touch was a physical memory with him, and the kind vibrations of her voice were bodily registrations of a lifetime which his brain recognized even when his soul had gone adrift. His eyes seemed unable to focus upon hers, and I was surprised to hear him reply in tones as clear as her own.

"Mother, do you think they will get up here?"

"Who? The men from the club?"

"No; those things on the wall. Several men at the club contradicted me flatly about them and made me so angry that I broke my stick over them."

He came in, looking at the walls as he came. I was sitting in an arm-chair pretending to read a book. He never saw me.

"You look as if you had a headache, Sidney," said his mother.

"Yes; I came off in somebody else's hat, and it was tight for me and has given me a splitting head."

"Then you will lie down on the sofa here and take some iced tea and have a short sleep. It will do you good."

I knew my grandmother better after this interview. There was a ring of absolutism in her kind tones that told of the spirit that now intended to govern. But as he lay down he caught at her hand and his face blanched and strained forward toward the opposite wall, with curiosity and fear in it.

And he said, under his breath: "They must have come through the window. Now, mother, do you think they will do any harm?"

"I cannot see, without my spectacles, what they are doing?" said she, examining the wall.

"There are six small monkeys, about the size of robins, sawing the pattern out of the wall-paper with little saws." He was trembling with fear, but, with instinct strong in him, evidently ashamed to admit it to a woman.

Grandma pulled the old-fashioned bell-rope at the fire-place and told a maid to bring in a broom and the long cobweb-mop. Then Sidney, coiled up at the head of the sofa, directed her where to strike at the wall; and while this was going on the doctor arrived.

"Ah! Dr. Ridley, I am so glad you chanced to pay me a morning call to-day, because Sidney has had a bad headache and you can give him something before you go."

The doctor also kept up the kind deceit cunningly, and there was no difficulty about Sidney's taking the morphia which he had brought. At his mother's bidding, and almost as if she mesmerized him into obedience, the sick man soon slept; and then the doctor gave him a hypodermic of more morphia. This physician had previously been told by Sidney to never give him morphia, and it was nothing but malpractice that finished him. Half an hour

afterward, as grandma sat at her sewing across the room, Sidney gave a long, gurgling sigh and turned over. Grandma flew to him. He was dead.

Then, another Alleynes funeral, where those who had been left nothing, and also the rich, met and shook hands and showed a peculiar respect for each other, but so controlled by old differences and prides that their affection was surreptitious and showed itself oddly in admiring glances when the admired one was not looking—knowing that to-morrow they would part again, for years of silence, until another funeral once more called the survivors together.

And in after years, as I sat with her occasionally, grandma was more of a study than ever. The two daughters, the grandchildren, and others were being invited, from time to time, to give some reality to the echoes of the huge old house. The stables were empty except for the two old prancing carriage-horses, behind which a small, erect black figure went in some state to church on Sundays—to there sit alone in a pew intended to hold ten. Mouldering in the coach-house were heavy-wheeled carriages, and sleighs of the old time, together with more modern vehicles. The dog-yard was empty. The fruit of the orchards had, for the city boys, become almost public property. Of the hundred yards of arched grape-walk only forty remained, and in the house grandma was busy with house-work, trying to persuade herself that she was still necessary. She was. And is. And in the evening we cheerily played backgammon while the scent from the roses in the adjoining conservatory mingled with the delicious perfume which during past ages innumerable pipes and cigars had given to the old library—a perfume which no other room contains.

"People say it was religion that pulled you through all your troubles; and Sidney's death."

Her quick movement told of her dislike for gossip regarding herself.

"If people knew how in the last years of his life I laid awake expecting that boy to be brought home on a shutter or perhaps killed in some way that meant utter disgrace, they would know the relief it was that he died quietly in his home. Yes; religion is good; but I think it was generally pride that made me outlive the worst. Pride may often take wrong channels, but it is the pride to do one's duty, even when duty means submission, that wins peace for either life or death."

Some years more, and then another funeral. More crape, gloves, and cabs. Again the creeping, prosperous undertaker (I knew his detestable face so well) endeavoring to insinuate a bland word with those of the family who were left, as if to assure them of his generous freedom from impatience. Again the long drive, the winding cemetery paths, and the iron maw of the great vault swung wide. She whose whole life had been a promise and a strength had joined the other peace-makers and those undying dead "who live again in minds made better by their presence"; and as we slowly moved away from the sun-lit brow of the hill that shadowed the valley below, we knew that Margaret Alleynes was still a living force for good, and that the valuable part of us, if any, came from "grandma."

## LEAVING THE WHITE HOUSE.

SWEETEST departure from the White House yet  
With flowers and tender music, sobs and tears  
That will not be forgot in years and years,—  
Without one worry, without one regret,  
She passeth out, while every eye is wet  
And every head is bowed. Oh, good and true—  
First lady of this noble land! Few, few  
Have passed out thus without one care or fret  
From the high place where they had reigned a space.  
Not one has been so mourned. Not one has taught  
A sweeter lesson of pure womanhood,  
Of lofty character and simple grace.  
There is a house whiter than love's own thought—  
Pass on beneath our tears, oh, sweet and good!  
ELLA HIGGINSON.

## ELECTION WAGERS.

THE last hours of the recent political campaign were marked, in this city, by a good deal of excitement. This was especially true among the betting fraternity, who seemed for a time more than ordinarily reluctant to "put up" their money. This was largely due to the doubt which prevailed as to the vote of New York. As the situation cleared, however, and the rival national committees issued their forecasts, a good many bets were made by the more courageous sporting men. The Hoffman House, which is well known as the resort of people of this class, was the scene of most of these wagers, its corridors being thronged every night with politicians of high and low degree. The Democrats manifested a disposition to place their money on New York, while the Republicans seemed to prefer to bet upon the general result,



Several hundred thousand dollars were wagered, the odds being in favor of the Republican candidates. We give elsewhere an illustration of the scenes in the Hoffman House during the last week of the canvass. We also give a picture of Mr. Cleveland at the polls. He was, of course, an object of great interest to the persons gathered about the booth where he cast his ballot.

### THE HARVARD FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1892.

A YEAR ago the Harvard foot-ball team began the season with five places in the rush line and the responsible position of quarter-back to be filled; there seemed to be a terrible lack of material, moreover, and no one had any idea where the men were coming from who would be called upon to fill these vacancies. Three sophomores who had played on the freshman team the year before, one freshman, and two Law-School men (formerly substitutes) who came out late in the year, were finally chosen; but the coaches had been compelled to devote the whole season to searching out and developing these new men. It was only natural, therefore, that in the game at Springfield, on the 5th instant, the Harvard players, though showing up fairly as individuals, should be frightfully lacking in team work; and it was most exasperating to find that the general opinion after the game was that Harvard certainly ought to have won because she had such "grand material."

This fall nine of the eleven men who had known the bitter taste of defeat last year began practice on Jarvis Field. The prospect of a good team seemed very bright. It looked like a very easy matter to fill the two vacant places, and then, beginning where the eleven left off last year, develop team play. Unfortunately, however, there were some of the "grand material" of the preceding year who could not be considered sure of their places. Then the abundance of new material tempted the management to spend altogether too much time in arranging the team. In spite of the valuable experience of last year, it was not until within three weeks of the Harvard-Yale game that the rush line began to take definite shape; and what the combination of backs will be is even now uncertain.

The team which meets Yale will probably be made up as follows: Left-end, Emmons; right-end, Hollowell; left-tackle, Upton; right-tackle, Newell; left-guard, Waters; right-guard, Mackie or Acton; centre, Lewis; quarter-back, Trafford; half-backs, Lake and Gray; full-back, Corbett or Brewer.

Emmons, '95, is a sophomore and played in the same position last year. He is an earnest, determined player—the kind of a man who plays every day in practice for all there is in him.

Hollowell, '93, played last year, and is one of the two men in the rush line who played on the winning team of '90. He is playing a steady, effective game, and will take care of his part of the line, even against the brilliant Yale end, Hinkey.

Newell, '94, played a wonderful game in his freshman year; but last year his work fell off considerably. He is in good form this year, however, and the struggle between him and his opponent, Winter—the best man in the Yale rush line—will be one of the most interesting features of the great game.

More than half a dozen men have been tried for left-tackle. It looks now as if Upton, '93, who played on the Varsity in his freshman and sophomore years, would have the position. He has had a great deal of experience and plays an intelligent, dashing game. Mason, L. S., catcher on last year's nine, is an active, aggressive player, and is pushing Upton very hard for the place.

Waters, '94, played tackle last year, but has now been moved in to left guard. He is a very active, powerful man, and is playing a reliable and even brilliant game in his new position.

The position of right-guard will be filled either by Mackie, '94, who held the place last year, or by Acton, M. S. Mackie is a well-made and very powerful man. His interference for runners, too, is very good, but his work in the rush line is faulty. Acton rowed on last year's crew, but this is his first season on Jarvis Field. He is an Irishman and has played the Rugby game on the other side; but the experience seems to be of no assistance to him in the American game. He is large and strong, and at times plays with considerable life. Unfortunately he has lost a great deal of practice on account of illness.

Lewis, L. S., for three years centre of the Amherst team, is rather light for the middle of the line, but more than makes up for any deficiency in weight by his experience, intelligence, and pluck.

For the last three years Trafford, '93, the captain of the team, has been the Harvard full-back—the worst position in the field for a captain. Two weeks ago he moved up to quarter-back, and has been doing fairly well in his new position. The change involved the sacrifice of an experienced kicker; but it was considered necessary to have him where he could be near his team and direct their play.

This is Lake's third year on the team. He was badly injured a few weeks ago, and it looked for a time as though he would be unable to play again. It is now pretty plain, however, that, barring accidents, he will be in the very thickest of the fight at Springfield, November 19th. He is a hard, swift runner, and no team can prevent him from making some good gains.

Lee, L. S., who made the winning touch-down in the Harvard-Yale game two years ago, can run faster with the leather ball under his arm than any other man in the country. For a week or more, however, he has been laid up with a bad ankle, and it is very doubtful if he will be able to play in the big game.

Corbett, '94, has also been on the team a couple of years. He is now playing full-back, and is kicking well. His tackling, however, is poor, and he fumbles badly. A boy who is very likely to be called upon to play in this responsible position is Brewer, a freshman. He is a good runner, and tackles and kicks fairly. His undoubted "sand," moreover, will make him most valuable at critical times.

Gray, '95, was a substitute last year. He is a quick, plucky runner, catches the ball well, and is the surest tackler on the field. Gage, '94, quarter-back on last year's team, is now playing where he belongs, at half-back, and shows great ability in finding holes in the rush line. He is laid up at present, but not seriously.

The substitute ends are Collamore, '93, and Foster, '96, both fair men. Blake, '94, has had very little experience as a tackler, but is improving steadily. Highlands, '93, the pitcher of last year's nine, may be called on to play guard in case of emergency, and Brice, '93, who has played on his class team, will be the substitute centre. Fairchild, '96, was playing a steady game at quarter-back when Captain Trafford was compelled to displace him. He will be a valuable man next year.

At the beginning of November the two teams were in very much the same situation—Harvard apparently being the stronger. It was then pretty well known who the players would be, and something less than three weeks remained in which to polish off the finer points of individual play and to shape the players into a team. To assist in this work Yale has been able to use almost all of her celebrated foot-ball graduates, and at such times as they were most wanted. Wallace, Hartwell, Gill, Rhodes, Hoffelinger, Corbin, Terry, Beecher, and Bull have all been at New Haven, and Walter Camp, who has won so many games for Yale, has been with the team from the beginning of the season. In striking contrast it should be recorded that the only graduate coaching which Harvard has received has been from Cunnock, assisted by Cranston, Crosby, and Perry Trafford. Holden, captain of the '87 team; Sears, captain of the '89 team; and Stewart, who coached last year, were all prevented from coming to Cambridge by their business arrangements. And so Harvard has been carrying on the usual uneven fight in her attempt to get her team into shape. It looks now as if Harvard's play on the defense would be stronger than last year, and her offensive work about the same. Yale, on the other hand, seems weaker in her defensive play than before, while her offensive tactics are as strong as ever. What the result of the great game on Thanksgiving Day will be no one can tell. It promises, however, to be the most interesting contest ever seen in this country. Of one thing I am sure, that whether they win or lose, the men who have been selected to play for Harvard will be a credit to the university they represent.

PERRY D. TRAFFORD.

### NEW YORK AS A "ONE-HORSE TOWN."

NEW YORK is supposed to be an El Dorado of local civilization. Its papers and its people are wont to set it on a high pedestal of excellence and point with overweening pride and confidence to the many conveniences, excellencies of metropolitan advantages, with which its life is replete. Truth to tell, in proportion to its pretensions to perfection, as a "one-horse town" New York has no rival in this country. Consider our elevated railway system. Think of the cheese-paring economy of the Manhattan Elevated which prompts it every summer to reduce the number of its trains to meet the loss of income brought about by a small percentage of

the whole population going out of town! Supposing this were to occur in Boston or Philadelphia, or, better still, Chicago. Why, the air would actually be sulphurous with our metropolitan high-class indignation, that these "jay" towns, with their "one-horse ways," should dare to even cast their eyes toward the head-centre of all American progress—the City of Gotham.

No one ever rode in a cab from ferry dock or railroad station without being robbed out of the "white of his eyes." If there is a single case on record where the legal fare has been accepted, the man who got off without being grossly insulted and almost assaulted has yet to make his appearance. Mr. Austin Corbin deserves a vote of thanks for establishing a well-organized cab system at his Thirty-fourth Street ferry, and if the other railroads would follow suit, one of the worst nuisances and foulest blots upon our metropolitan life would pass out of existence. In no other city in this country can the cab system be compared to that existing in New York for unadulterated incompetency and outrageous malfeasance. The cab-drivers are a parcel of bandits and cut-throats, and carry on their vocation—which is to defy whatever cab law exists—without let or hindrance.

As an adjunct to our cab system, we have our Fifth Avenue stage line. Most travelers have at some time or another experienced the usual country omnibus, and know, therefore, what breed of thoroughbreds are commonly in use to drag them over the average country road, alternately up to the hubs in mud or nearly as deep in dust. Just stand on Fifth Avenue at any convenient spot and try to divine what breed of the equine race are the wretched apologies for horses Colonel Shepard uses to his "stages." Shades of Bucephalus! If there is anything in our metropolitan make-up that is, in general effect, condition and public inconvenience, a greater insult to our supposed civilization, I must, after a diligent search, have overlooked it. And yet we have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One would hardly think so.

Strangers to New York are sometimes puzzled by a reference to the east or west side. In the mind of the New-Yorker this means above Fifty-ninth Street, either east or west of the park. The East Side is much the older portion of the city, and transportation facilities are fair. It has two lines of elevated railroad and horse-car lines, that run without interruption from the City Hall to the Harlem. The West Side is a comparatively new section of the city, while it is also one of the most beautiful. It is dependent for its transportation facilities upon one line of elevated road and three of horse cars—Eighty Avenue, Tenth Avenue, and Boulevard companies. Eighth Avenue has the longest line, starting at Canal Street and running through to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street. Below Fifty-ninth Street the service might be called fairly satisfactory; above that line the inhabitants simply call upon Heaven for vengeance. Imagine, if you can, in great New York, this condition of affairs. At the park entrance this company maintains a "waiting-room" out of an old car, side-tracked by the curb, as here it is necessary for passengers to change from a red to a yellow car in order to go all the way through; and as the average is about two red cars to one yellow one, the comfort provided for the public can be more easily imagined than adequately described. The "waiting-room" up to midnight has a man in attendance to see that passengers are properly transferred; after that hour the car is locked up tight and the public is respectfully requested—oh! so politely, it does one's heart good—to stand out on the street in the rain, snow, or sleet at least fifteen minutes, until the next car arrives. And why? To keep open the "waiting-room" from midnight until 6 a.m., would entail the attendance of a guard, as "tramps" and "drunks" would take advantage of his absence and make it a free "lodging-house"; but then, think of the stupendous loss of revenue to the stockholders! One man for those six hours would cost .20 cents a night, \$.60 a week, and \$.291 a year. Just study these figures and divide up, if your science in fractions goes far enough, what each stockholder would lose if the public convenience were at all cared for. New York has a great many municipal atrocities, but there is not one to equal this in meanness.

And look at the "cross-town" facilities. Within the park limits there is one "shambling" line of coaches, which charges ten cents to carry you through the park, and one line of horse cars through the transfer at Eighty-sixth Street, and which does not run at all in winter. Between Twenty-third Street and the park there is not, strictly speaking, but one "cross-town" line, and that on Forty-second Street. Rails have been down on Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets for two years, and not a car has passed

over them. Use "Shank's mare" or be "fleece" by our cab system, one or the other, in this "one-horse town" of New York. Above Fifty-ninth Street there is nothing until One Hundred and Tenth Street, and above that only the cable road on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street to take you from one side of the city to the other. Nor is there an up-town ferry above Forty-second Street on the West Side. Even the railroads having their main stations at Jersey City have clustered, with two exceptions, at the extreme end of the town.

In the summer excursion season one feels especially the thralldom of the Union Transfer Company. If you wish to leave town by a nine-o'clock train in the morning, and you live above Fifty-ninth Street, east or west, your trucks are called for the evening before. Ha! ha! ha! how laughable this is! The Adams Express Company hangs out a "shingle" at the stations of every "wild-cat" railroad in the country, but, on the same basis as the Transfer Company, if you wish to send a package to Boston or Philadelphia or San Francisco, and you live above Fifty-ninth Street, it takes two express companies to cart a half-pound bundle the length of this "one-horse town."

Upon the same scheme of tenderness for public welfare the Western Union Telegraph Company has no money-order office above Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue.

Strangers visiting New York see only the more civilized portions of the town. They are part and parcel of the hotel life of New York, and as such enjoy the advantages of a real metropolitan existence; but when they become citizens of Manhattan they soon become aware that our claim to full-fledged metropolitanism is a huge, flamboyant sham. If we are really to be entitled to call ourselves a metropolis *en détail* as well as *engros*, these abuses and wretched inconveniences should be wiped out of existence.

C. W. A.

### MUSIC 'MID DE CORN.

Dis worl' has lots ob music, as mos' eb'erybody knows:  
Dar's de tum-tum ob be banjo, dar's de whirly win' dat blows;  
Dar's de music ob planners, dat we hear from early morn;  
But dar's nothin' dat am ekal to de music 'mid de corn.  
Oh, de music ob de cornfield! 'tis a goin' night an' day,  
An' I neber heard a fiddle dat so cha'mingly could play;  
When de tassels tops am wavin', an' de corn leaves, green an' long,  
Am a flirtin' wid de breezes, what am sweeter dan de song?  
De silk dat wraps de kernels ob de corn am bright an' fair;  
I wonder ef it isn't somethin' like de angels' hair?  
An' dar neber was a jewel dat a lady did adorn,  
Dat am finer dan de pearl beads on de growin' ears ob corn.  
De white folks hab white faces, fer dey eat de whit es' bread,  
But de hoe cake, an' de yellow yam, an' waternillion red  
Am good enough fer any one dat eber yet was born,  
An' de culle'd folks am happy 'mid de music ob de corn.  
Oh! de rustlin' an' de hummin' an' de swayin' to an' fro,  
While de summer sun am shinin', an' de wind's a chantin' low;  
Dar's de golden seal ob heaven, dat nobody dar's to scorn,  
An' de tones ob harps an' viols 'mid de music ob de corn.  
I'm a trabeler todes de kentry whar de hallelujahs ring,  
I'm a-gwine to see de glory ob de "city ob de king";  
An' I'm certain I shall listen, or dis niggah 'd feel forlorn,  
To a murmur dat will gib me back de music 'mid de corn.  
LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL RESULT.

THE total number of votes in the Electoral College is 444, making 223 necessary to a choice. According to the returns, Mr. Cleveland has received 281, Harrison 131, and Weaver 32, namely, 10 in Kansas, 8 in Nebraska, 4 in Colorado, 3 in Idaho, 3 in Nevada, and 4 in South Dakota. Among the States which unexpectedly gave majorities for Cleveland are Illinois, California, Indiana, and Wisconsin.

One of the results of the Democratic victory will probably be a reduction if not an extinction of the Republican majority in the United States Senate. That body now consists of 47 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and 2 Farmers' Alliance. A Democrat will be elected next winter to succeed Mr. Hiseock from New York. The Democrats will also gain a Senator in Wisconsin, and a Populist Senator may be chosen from Nebraska.

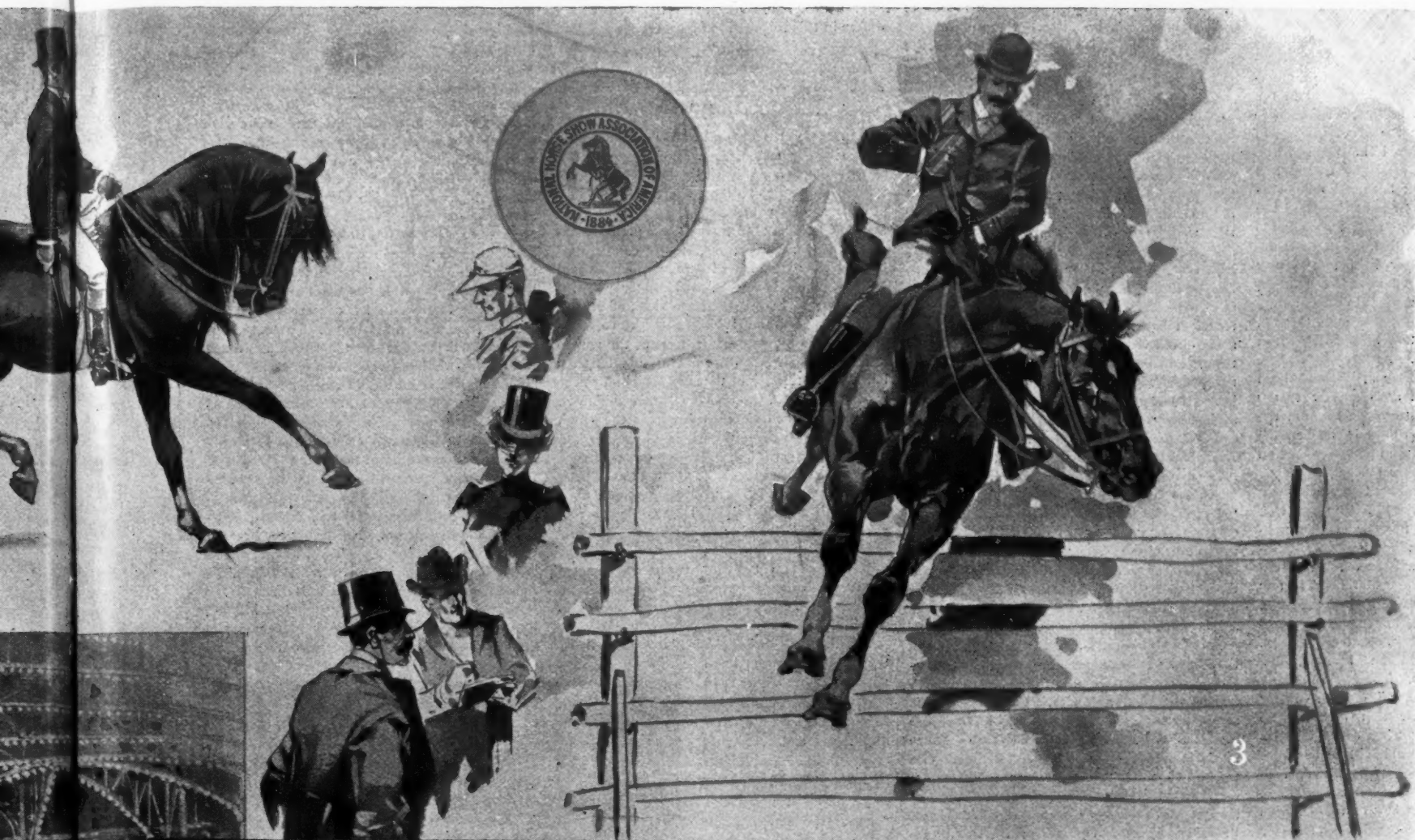
In the House of Representatives the Democrats will have a majority of about sixty.





1. A TANDEM. 2. A "HIGH SCHOOL HORSE." 3. JUMPING THE HURDLES. 4. GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR OF MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.  
THE EIGHTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY





GENERAL VIEW OF INTERIOR—PARADE OF SADDLE-HORSES. 5. A BOX OF FIRST-NIGHTERS.

NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST, D. F. SMITH, AND HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 348.]



## THE EIGHTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

THE annual horse show at the Madison Square Garden building has grown to such huge proportions that now the managers of this enterprise, who are also largely interested in the Garden building, are put to their wits' ends to provide stabling room for the great number of entries which have poured in upon them. Numerous classes in the catalogue cannot find room at all at the building, but must stable outside, and will only be "on show" during the short time they are in the ring, awaiting the verdict of the judges upon their merits and demerits. At the first show held in the new building, stalls were placed around the arena, but this crowded up the visitors to such an extent as to create an impassable mob, through which locomotion into and around the arena was well-nigh impossible. At last year's show and that of this year, these stalls have been done away with, which adds greatly to the comfort of the visitors, but crowds many of the exhibitors and forces them to find stabling room outside the building; even a temporary shed on Twenty-seventh Street helps but little.

In general detail of exhibits, this year's show differs but little, if anything, from those that have gone before. The number of thoroughbreds has increased to nine; this may be attributable somewhat to a large number of unsold English horses at present on hand in this city. The Bard is absent from the list this year, Old Saxony being the best known of the racers exhibited. Of trotters, Arabs, coaching stallions, coaches, saddlers, Corinthian hunters, etc., there are too many entries. This remark applies particularly to the "hunter" classes. Every man—or woman, too, for that matter—who owns some leggy brute that has ever jumped a two-foot hurdle, enters the animal for this show. The result is an enormous quantity of rubbish, that never should be shown anywhere. Fox-hunting, for which the best of these horses are used, is a sport that no conditions of life or climate render necessary in this country. We have no peasant class in America, nor is it a wise thing to create one by riding rough-shod over our farmers' fields in pursuit of a half-tamed fox. All lovers of a country life, all those who thrive upon fresh air and the beauties of an open-air life, welcome every sport that leads to strong lungs and muscles and the manliness which all true sport engenders. Fox-hunting in its two homes, England and Ireland, leads to nothing but rum and dissipation. It brings into play no quality of mind or heart that cannot be obtained in other directions; it makes women coarse and men brutal. In this country it is an exotic that is best not transplanted. Anglo-mania is responsible for much in our social condition that is neither admirable nor healthy; it will deal its advocates a knock-out blow if this hunting fad is pushed to an extreme. There is sufficient antagonism between the classes and the masses over the vexed question of capital vs. labor, without the introduction of fox-hunting to array the farmer class against the gentry of America. The horse-show people should not pander to this spirit to so great an extent as the entries and premiums of this show indicate.

In fact, the fault of each year's show is that the social element in the equine race is done to a turn. Now here is the hackney; the fancy breeders of stock have simply gone mad of this hybrid. Some of the animals imported are well enough in their own sphere, but most of them cannot move out of their own way when asked to show any speed. If the hackney is to be of real use to the native horse, some organized effort should be made to ascertain the best results obtained from the cross of a hackney stallion upon the native-bred mare. The first effort, at best not half wide enough, is made in this year's show, in classes thirty-seven, thirty-eight, and thirty-nine, for fillies "half registered" in the "American Hackney Stud Book," sired by a "full-registered" hackney stallion, out of an unregistered dam. It is time, however, that something were done to ascertain how the average hackney breeds to the general run of mares brought to him; then an idea could be formed of what benefit this influx of hackneys has been to the American-bred horse. There can be no denying, however, that the hackney about monopolizes these horse shows; he is the popular equine favorite. Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, Fairfax, Logan, Lawrence, Webb, Bloodgood, etc., have all imported, at big prices, hackney stallions, and the end of this horse fad is not in sight.

Another omission, it seems to me, is a lack of effort to fill up the draught classes. It is true there are not many draught stallions within easy access of New York, but if greater inducements were offered there would be an in-

crease of entries; and the presence of these great beasts of burden is always a source of wonderment and admiration to the public.

General interest is of course created in the show by the active part taken in it by people in the first ranks of society. There are thousands upon thousands of visitors who know nothing about a horse except that it is an animal with four corners and a leg upon each. They could not tell the difference between a thoroughbred and a Norman, and as to distinguishing a hackney from a Galloway, it is out of the question; and if there were any Suffolk Punches in the show they would recall to their minds "hot toddies," spices, and herbs, rather than a breed of horse. But then, society says "Va pour la concours Hippique," and the public at large follows thither at the mandate. If you want to see Anglo-mania of both genders out in all the gorgeous array of red vests, shirt fronts, horse-shoe pins, tailor-made gowns, and hats to match for the female sex, visit the horse show of an afternoon between three and five. You can stumble up against lots of girls who have the pedigree of every hackney pat as the stud-book itself. And then there is the dear girl, thousands of her, who knows nothing at all about it save what she hears at the riding-club, and has a "perfectly lovely time," smiling sweetly at the collection of "chappies" sprinkled about the mammoth arena. The "horse girl" and her coadjutor, the "horse man," are omnipresent at these horse shows. Sometimes they do their little pantomime very well, and more often it is a very "queer" performance.

At night the arena and the audience are at their best. The men are almost without exception in evening dress, the women gorgeous in superb reception costumes. Standing-room is at more than a premium, and frequently the sale of admission is stopped at the box-office. There is no more gorgeous public social function in this country than the week of the New York horse show. It would be difficult to particularize just which events excite the most interest. Probably all forms of jumping; the entries are more numerous, and an element of danger entering into the competition causes a certain thrill of excitement to stir the audience. The judging of the park and municipal police horses, the catching of runaways, is another interesting event. Tandem and four-in-hand driving naturally are picturesque events. Society is, of course, much interested in these entries, and the judging is awaited with "well-bred" anxiety. When the audience and the judges disagree, which often happens, the former does not hesitate to manifest its displeasure by a vigorous chorus of hisses. This is at once answered by a storm of applause from the friends of the winner in his class. All this must be highly interesting to the gentlemen in the ring, who dispense red, white, blue, and orange rosettes with an impartiality that is indisputable.

The profits of the Horse Show Association are undoubtedly immense; but as it is a very close corporation, the exact profits are unknown. An attendance of ten to twelve thousand people at night alone, the majority paying \$1.50 each, occurs several times in the week; this is for admissions only. Then the boxes are sold at auction to help swell the profit account. This year the entire sale amounted to \$52,585. W. Seward Webb paying \$680 for the choice; W. L. Elkins, \$650; P. A. B. Widener, \$650; H. McK. Twombly, \$650; W. E. Strong, \$650; F. K. Sturgis, \$650; Elliott F. Shepard, \$650, and so on down as low as \$75. Among the other buyers were Charles Carroll, J. L. Kernochan, Joseph Agostini, W. D. Sloane, A. B. Hilton, Brayton Ives, ex-Judge Hilton, William C. Whitney, E. Berry Wall, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jenkins Van Schaick, Frank Work, William Bloodgood, etc.

Altogether horse-show week is a gala event in society. The idle class in this country has grown so rapidly since the war that something must be done to amuse these people. Horse shows are a harmless form of amusement, after all, and should be encouraged. The actual usefulness of these shows must forever remain in doubt, so long as the society horse monopolizes the enthusiasm of the association directors. The work horse is almost entirely ignored in the scheme. There ought to be an annual parade of cart horses, at which liberal prizes should be offered for the best brewers', bakers', butchers', trucking, and general-delivery teams. Then the horse show would have a *raison d'être* outside of its mere society fad. This cart-horse parade is successfully managed at the great show at Islington; why not here? Cavalry and artillery horses are also entirely ignored in the catalogue. Here are some suggestions worthy of consideration for future shows. Moreover, it is an open question how long the horse show, as at present conducted upon certain narrow lines, will continue to attract the public at large in

paying numbers. The American people hunger after variety and change, and the horse show differs in this respect from no other amusement. H. P. M.

## MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING MASTER."

THE taste for opera in this country has widened very materially within the past few years. Comic opera in the vulgar sense has, it is true, monopolized a large share of the public's attention. Less artistic, but cleaner and healthier in tone than their French predecessors of Offenbach, Halévy, etc., they "caught on" because they were sung in the vernacular, and because, too, they created laughter without obscenity; and while their total lack of artistic purpose caused the judicious to grieve, they served, and are doing so yet, to pave the way to create a popular taste for something better than barrel-organ refrains in the music and buffoonery and horse play in the book. Opera comique is, however, a very different thing from the catch phrase "comic opera," as generally applied to most operatic productions, and the lovers of good music and common sense as applied to the book owe a debt of gratitude to Messieurs de Koven and Smith for their joint labors in producing "Robin Hood" and "The Fencing Master." Both these works have done much to purify the public taste, and both are enormous financial successes. So here we have art and materialism meeting upon a common ground and united in purpose.

Mr. J. M. Hill has had his troubles—few theatrical managers have not—but they only served to sharpen his senses and to spur him on to greater and more enduring success. He has revolutionized the Standard Theatre, always looked upon as a "Jonah" house by all the craft; but of all his enterprises he never showed a keener perception into things theatrical than when he contrived to outbid all other managers and secured Marie Tempest to create the leading rôle in De Koven and Smith's new opera comique, "The Fencing Master." Two years ago, when Miss Tempest made her initial bow before the New York public in "The Red Hussar," at Palmer's Theatre, music-lovers were delighted and astonished at the lady's charming personality and exquisite singing and graceful acting. Her song, "Steady, Boys, Steady," soon became a popular melody in every club or resort in New York. After this she sang for a short time under Duff's management, and then sang in "Nanon" at the Casino and on the road, and later created the rôle of *The Tyrolean* at the Casino; this engagement closed her connection with that house. Her next contract was with Mr. Hill for "The Fencing Master." Now, after the direful failure of ballet and vaudeville at the Casino, Miss Tempest has re-dedicated the house as the home of opera comique, and no more true artiste could be found to do this graceful deed.

A short sketch of Miss Tempest's career before reaching our shores shows conclusively how thorough has been her art training and upon what solid foundation her future rests. Her father was a banker in Threadneedle Street, London. He died when she was very young and made an old army friend her guardian. He in turn gave her in charge of her grandmother, under whose care she lived until she was sent, at eleven years of age, to a convent in Belgium. The several years of her life spent in the care of the sisters were uneventful, with the exception of a few girlish escapades, that brought upon her the mild displeasure of her teachers. Of course none of these were serious in character, but served to give an indication of that rare flow of spirits and splendid geniality that mark this young artiste's nature.

Her voice gave promise of being an excellent one, and it was carefully trained during her school days with what resources were at hand.

She sang all the *solis* at the convent festivals, and the country people who used to attend them worshiped the dainty little girl who sang so sweetly and prettily. She left the convent when she was seventeen, and was then sent by her aunt, Lady Vane Tempest, to Paris, to complete her education. There she became a fine linguist, and is, in fact, as thoroughly educated a young woman as Paris ever turns out. Miss Tempest's real name is Marie Hetherington, and as her grandmother, during her lifetime, supplied her with every possible luxury, she did not imagine for a moment that she would be obliged to have recourse to the stage in order to profit by her accomplishments. But at her grandmother's death it was discovered that her wealth had been simply a handsome income derived from a life interest in her deceased husband's estate. Thus Marie, at the age of twenty, was left largely dependent upon her own exertions. Her guardian, while giving her a charming home in Kensington, could not do much for her financially. But she had ambition, brains, and courage, and upon meeting the celebrated Garcia—the brother of Mesdames Malibran and Viardot—her fate was decided. It meant the lyric stage. Her first appearance was not an unqualified success. This, on the whole, was a fortunate circumstance, as it served only to increase her determination to succeed. Her first great triumph was in "Dorothy." Replacing Marion Hood in the rôle, she sang it for over eight hundred times, and brought all London to her feet.

Miss Tempest's voice is not very large, but it is so thoroughly musical and well trained, has so much timbre and carrying power, that she



MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING MASTER."

obtains far better and greater artistic results than one possessed of a greater quantity of tone. The well-bred, well-educated woman is observable in every pose, in every action, in every modulation of her voice. In each city Miss Tempest has appeared in she has captured her public by just those qualities which are usually lacking in other opera singers. Her success has not been one of tawdry reputation, ill-gotten jewels, nor beauty of person meretriciously advertised—it has been a genuine artistic triumph. This, combined with Manager Hill's splendid setting of "The Fencing Master," has put this lady at one bound upon the topmost rung of the ladder—the acknowledged queen of the opera-comique stage.

Miss Tempest's innate refinement and association shows through all her work. Her early training in Belgium and her later residence and education in Paris have helped to give a naturally bright and happy temperament a foreign touch that is altogether charming and winsome. Her manners upon the stage, her deference to her audience, are peculiarly French, tempered by a native modesty of demeanor that is as attractive to her own sex as to her male admirers.

In fact, in no prima donna upon the stage, in



light opera, are the qualities of dignity, repose, and archness so joyously blended as in Miss Marie Tempest. Miss Tempest is at present three months over twenty-five years of age, and in her part of the young Venetian boy in "The Fencing Master" she presents a picture of beauty and grace that is never to be forgotten by those who are privileged to have seen her.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

### A CHOLERA ROMANCE.

THEY met down at quarantine station on Staten Island during the cholera scare. He was a reporter on one of the large city dailies, and she, quite by chance, spending the tag end of the season there with a friend and her two children at one of the summer hotels.

It began with a casual introduction by some mutual acquaintance as they all stood on the lawn facing the bay, one morning, watching the arrival in quarantine of a new infected ship. He proffered her the use of his field-glasses, and then—they got to chatting.

She told him that she was doing some special work for the magazines, and he fraternally offered to "give her some tips" on outside matters which the regular reporters were too busy to cover.

That evening, by appointment, he showed her through quarantine, the telegraph and telephone offices, explaining the lot of new cables put in since the quarantine regulations; the loop to the doctor's house, the tricks and wiles by which each reporter tried to "hold the wires for scoops," how they killed time after their midnight bulletins, etc.

She thought it all very interesting, and told him teasingly that she was going to "peach," and write up a story of "the unwritten history of quarantine." So they were right good friends from the first. He found her bright and clever, and quick to "catch on" to the best method of handling the stuff he gave her. Now and then he filed some of her more pertinent stuff with his space matter and handed her the money for it, practically and in a matter-of-fact way, in the presence of her friend.

Between times, stopping at the same hotel, they chanced to take several strolls together to the post-office, the drug store, and even over to the fort and the haunted house.

Their minds leaped to each other understandingly and responsively, as though they had known—or missed—each other all their lives.

As they grew better acquainted they had cozy little midday breakfasts and midnight lunches together, he jotting down "copy" while they ate; and long, drowsy afternoon chats on the veranda while Mrs. Hamilton was busy inside, and the children raced up and down between their chairs and over their feet, in the warm, red sunshine. So things went on in that delightfully unformulated fashion until they had known each other for two weeks.

One morning, after their stroll to the post-office, he said: "Come with me down to St. George; we will catch the next train back," and she acquiesced by turning with him into the path which led to the station without interrupting their conversation at the time.

She waited outside while he ran in the station to attend to some business, and when he returned he said: "Let's take a spin down the beach. I am dead tired, and the drive will do you good."

He seated her in a low-swung open carriage and asked her to wait till he got the morning papers. With these he brought the week's magazines and a basket of grapes—great bunches of purple and amber ones, frosty and luscious-looking in the sunlight—which he piled on the seat in front of them.

Then they went bowling along the wide, smooth, sprinkled drive, curving with the shore, always in sight of the water, the tall trees almost lapping over their heads, and fluttering their bits of autumn-tinted, sun-glinted foliage on their laps as they passed.

Off to the right stretched the blue bay dotted with sails, and farther off toward Sandy Hook the plague-bound ships, with their dark, still hulks and smokeless stacks making dark blotches on the tintless monochrome. To the left a beautiful land panorama of green lawns, flower-beds, and red and gray cottages. Yet, neither of them really appreciated the scene, nor ate the fruit, nor glanced at the magazines as they looked at each other. Then, somehow, he got to talking of himself—his past life and present. He had been a wild boy; had gone through college more on his muscle than his brains; then he ran away and went to sea, and squandered his youth and earnings; then he came back home, to the South, and let his rich old uncle set him up in business, but the confinement and monotony crucified him. He revolted again, came east, and drifted into news-

paper work. He liked it, and had made lots of money, but saved none. Life was too short and New York too resourceful.

She quite agreed with him. There was too much of this self-appointed and self-rewarded self-sacrifice in the world—living against the grain. If people would only carry it far enough—as Tolstoy had, or not at all, as the French philosophers had, there would not be so many awkward culminations.

Really, she could not find it in her heart to condemn or criticize him at all. She could only think how good and handsome and frank he looked with the clear light on his face and in his eyes. "If he has been 'tough' as he calls it," she said to herself, "it was because he was not appreciated, encouraged, made to hold inviolate faith in himself. There are in him all the elements of a good man." Meanwhile, he was thinking how pretty and sweet she was with that great sheaf of golden-rod in her blue-serge lap, her little gloved hands holding the clumsy russet stalks, and her clear, kind eyes bent so seriously on him. "The kind of eyes," he thought, "which get at a fellow's soul and see good if only by reflection."

Yet neither of them spoke.

She had turned to look at the lawns and cottages. She had been a country girl. She was thinking of a dear, old gray-stone house near the sea on the Connecticut coast, with its mellowing apples and buzzing bees and Jersey cows, and of a kind old husband there, who had married her when she was a child, and had always loved and trusted and indulged her, even to this latest whim of hers of coming to New York and making a great writer out of herself.

He was looking at the sea.

It had been the only home he had ever had. He loved its salty breath, and knew the name and build and trim and signal of every piece of timber on the bay. He had always been sorry he left the sea—till now. Now he had met her.

He wondered what sort of a fellow he would have been if he had met this woman before he met—By Jove! there was Bessie! Poor little, pretty, dull, clinging-vine, Bessie! He wondered if the little woman needed any money. He had been so driven by this quarantine work that he had not had time to think about her; much less, write to her.

He must attend to that that very day. A fellow mustn't weaken on his duty. It was bad enough to be indifferent, and extravagant—he mustn't drift into selfishness and unmanliness. He'd send Bess the whole of this week's salary.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said, lightly of tone, but with very serious eyes.

He took one of her hands, brushing the pollen from her glove with his fingers, and serious eyes met serious eyes.

"They were of you," he said.

Then they both smiled. Then they both sighed.

Then she said: "I shall have to ask you to turn back now. We are going into the city today, and I have not packed."

"What! for good?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes, for good," she answered, and he understood.

BELLE HUNT.

### FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

#### RAILWAYS IN AFRICA.

AN illustration from the London *Graphic* depicts the progress of railway enterprise in South Africa. Johannesburg is now joined by rail to the coast, and soon transportation wagons will be abandoned as a means of communication. Towns are springing up along the line of the railways, most of the houses being built of galvanized iron. The Netherlands Railway Company, which has the contract for the construction of the railways in the Transvaal, has to depend almost entirely upon native labor.

#### A MODEL PLAYGROUND.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* an illustration of the Drury Lane playground for children, which has been maintained for some years by the vestry of St. Martin's. The playground, which is open from dawn to dark, "forms a very paradise of enjoyment, undisturbed by fears of sternly watchful policemen, to the children of the Peabody dwellings, the back streets and the courts around." Every large city should have gardens of this sort at convenient centres for the children of the poor.

#### CAPTAIN ANDREWS'S TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

We reproduce from the Spanish *Ilustracion Artistica* a picture of Captain William Andrews, of dory fame, who sailed from Atlantic City, U. S. A., on the 20th of July, and arrived in the Spanish port of Huelva, September 27th,

in the cockle-shell craft which is conjointly illustrated. Captain Andrews is a Yankee skipper who travels as the not disinterested advertiser of a certain scouring compound whose name is a household word. His transatlantic exploit, which appears to be taken quite seriously in Spain, may be said to demonstrate, like Sam Patch's leap, that "some things can be done as well as others."

#### THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY.

The war in Dahomey, the black kingdom on the Bight of Benin, West Africa, was precipitated by the attack of the Dahomeyan King, Behanzin, upon the French seaboard trading posts, Kotonou and Porto Novo, in the early part of this year. During the past two months several pitched battles have been fought between the Dahomeyan army, 4,000 strong, and the French expeditionary force of 3,000 men, under the command of Colonel Dodds. The French, despite their insufficient resources, have been uniformly successful in these engagements—notably on October 20th and 21st, when the natives were repulsed with heavy losses after two days' fighting. This leaves Colonel Dodds apparently master of the situation, encamped with his army before Cana, the "holy city," of the Dahomeyan kings, and within easy march of the capital, Abomey, upon which the French expect to move as soon as their re-enforcements arrive from the Senegal. Their total loss throughout this campaign up to October 27th is stated at eighty-five wounded and ten killed, among the latter being Captain Marmet, formerly orderly officer to Colonel Dodds. Our pictures, from the Paris illustrated press, convey a vivid idea of the character of the fighting in those African wilds, and one of them shows a "Dahomeyan telegraph," consisting of a line of natives posted within gunshot hearing of one another, between two camps, and who communicate signals by a system of continuous firing.

### MUSICAL NOTES.

#### THE SEIDL CONCERTS AT LENOX LYCEUM.

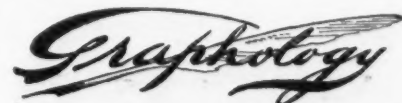
It is a pleasure to note the resumption of the Seidl Sunday-evening orchestral concerts which were such a conspicuous feature of last winter's musical season. The first concert took place on Sunday evening week last before a crowded audience, who gave unmistakable evidence of their appreciation of the excellent programme. We shall have occasion to speak more fully of these concerts.

#### FIRST CONCERT OF THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The initial concert of the series of 1892-3 (following the public rehearsal of Friday) took place at Carnegie Music Hall on Saturday evening, 12th inst. The programme was in every way a worthy introduction to a season which promises to be of unusual interest; the *piece de resistance* being the familiar "Eroica" Symphony, No. 3, of Beethoven, which displayed in a remarkable manner the resources of Mr. Damrosch's band. It was a treat to hear once again Miss Belle Cole, who has absented herself in London for a term of years. She appeared in two numbers and gave evidence that her voice has not suffered from contact with London fogs. Mr. Walter Damrosch is to be congratulated on such an auspicious opening of the season.

#### THE DAMROSCH SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Another delightful event in the musical season is the opening of the series of Damrosch Sunday concerts at Carnegie Hall, which occurred on Sunday evening, October 13th. Besides the excellent playing of the orchestra, which was in good form, there was given a delicious rendering of the garden scene in "Faust," which, barring the accessories of costumes and scenery, was splendidly given. The crowded house gave unmistakable evidence of the continued popularity of these Sunday concerts.



We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short chart of character, to be sent by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months: \$1. to a minute and circumstantial chart of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Essex, Weymouth, Mass.—Is industrious, thrifty, the latter more from habit than natural bent; and is neat, this more from training than love of system. A certain quickness of mind is visible; it is purely individual, and is unlike the quickness of better regu-

lated minds. A prospective touch of eccentricity in the future is suggested, which will arise from a distinct individuality which is not methodical. Will is firm in moderate degree, there is a little restlessness, some vivacity, also sincerity, well intention, and all the indications of a reasonably clear conscience to be read on and between the lines.

J. E. K., Baltimore, Md.—Is unsystematic and little given to plodding, but is quick-witted, observing, and somewhat diplomatic. Will is steadily firm, bends but does not give in, gains its end often by appearing to yield but in reality holding to the main point at issue; attains large ends by making small sacrifices. The forces of this character are as yet not fully developed. Sincerity is to be seen, cheerfulness, a variable but in the main good temper, and excellent habits of reflection. He is industrious, painstaking, is not impulsive or given to imaginative dreams. A bit of egotism is evident.

Demaratus, Columbus, Ohio.—Is inclined to be deliberate, is sometimes selfish, is always ambitious. He is nervous in temperament, observing and reflective. In reasoning he is inclined to be analytical and investigative. I do not think that he possesses all of the qualities which are usually considered necessary to the make-up of a good physician. He is studious, but not a lover of systematic study; is observing and quick-witted, but has not the intuitive and sympathetic insight without which a physician can have no real success. He is warm in his appreciations but is controlled. His affections are sincere and warm, but are not easily or often bestowed. He

has not yet found his place in life, and many things in his lines and curves suggest a mind not at rest or satisfied. He is capable of controlling others, has good judgment when impartial and just, is not apt to be indiscreet, is, as a rule, reticent, relies much upon himself, is self-contained, unimpulsive, unimaginative, and is, as a general rule, reliable.

Curiosity, Baltimore, Md.—Is ardent in temperament, warm in appreciation, high strung. Is the battle-ground of an unceasing struggle where ardent impulse, passion and self-repression strive for mastery. Some selfishness is visible, a will which is exacting, tenacious, positive, often to the point of unreason. Mind is clear, logical when allowed freedom, is liberal, capable, and observing. A really good temper is often marred by a touch of obstinacy, and a fine mind by lack of application and the deflection of ambition from the paths of wisdom. Capacity for reticence may be traced, also vivacity, intensity, some extravagance both in idea and habit, and a tendency to destructiveness. Beware, lest self fall the unhappy victim.

Neilson, Toledo, Ill.—Is sincere, honest, frank, industrious, and painstaking. Mind is clear, is as yet receptive but shows the dawning of capacity for imparting. System, thrift, good-temper and reasonable control may be seen, neatness, refinement, and self-respect. Force is a little lacking, but it will grow as contact with the world fosters a more confident independence, aided by knowledge of personal sincerity and the strongly upright intentions of pure and sympathetic nature. I do see the elements of success, perhaps not brilliant or meteor-like, but a better success, which dies not because founded on that sincerity which wins the confidence and respect of all observers.

Juventas, New York.—Has a clear, logical mind, is conspicuously open, honest, and confident. Personality is composed and self-reliant, a bit of selfishness is to be seen, ready observation and some analytical ability, affections which are sincere and

read the character

warm but not impulsive nor apt to run riot. Judgment is excellent, is cool, collected, and as a rule just and impartial. It is a characteristic hand, ambitious but honest, self-thoughtful yet just. It is systematic and speaks good taste.

Victoria, Toledo, Ill.—Is sincere, neat and refined, possesses more than an ordinary degree of vanity, and is somewhat given to sentiment and sentimental thought. Speech is disposed to be communicative, disposition somewhat self-absorbed and impractical. It is not at all unlikely that affection should be bestowed upon such a character, and if she learn real industry and a bit of self-forgetfulness true happiness, whether wedded or single, will be a reward.

Ward Marcus, New York.—Is ambitious, impulsive, spontaneous, liberal and clever. Mind is observing, enterprising, vivacious, sparkling and sympathetic. Speech is fluent, communicative, apt and pleasing. Temperament is ardent, appreciative, and

a bit touched with sentiment. Temper is good, will is firm, tenacious, positive, and at times exacting. The

whole speaks a welcome companion, a brilliant guest, a good manager, and one well acquainted with the world, its ways, its pleasures, and its need of sympathetic sincerity.

Frank May, San Francisco, Cal.—Is prompt, systematic, business-like and honest. Frankness, candor, and direct and confident independence are visible, good taste, education, a clear, logical mind, industry, good temper, and readiness of idea. There is a touch of originality, individual personality, mental capability, and some general capacity. A man sure to succeed if he retain his moderation and honesty of intention.

Little One.—Is refined, neat, and a bit versatile. Will is very positive, is obstinate. Affections are sincere and warm, but somewhat exacting. Self-respect is to be seen, some vanity, perseverance, and a general fondness for directing and controlling others. There is considerable individuality, good judgment, some impulsiveness, a clear, active mind, precision, decision, and, alas! some irritability. The whole suggests a touch of poor health or one who is placed in such a position that natural characteristics of ambition and self-will are per force held in abeyance.

New York City.



## THE EIGHTH ANNUAL HORSE SHOW.

THE annual horse show at the Madison Square Garden building has grown to such huge proportions that now the managers of this enterprise, who are also largely interested in the Garden building, are put to their wits' ends to provide stabling room for the great number of entries which have poured in upon them. Numerous classes in the catalogue cannot find room at all at the building, but must stable outside, and will only be "on show" during the short time they are in the ring, awaiting the verdict of the judges upon their merits and demerits. At the first show held in the new building, stalls were placed around the arena, but this crowded up the visitors to such an extent as to create an impassable mob, through which locomotion into and around the arena was well-nigh impossible. At last year's show and that of this year, these stalls have been done away with, which adds greatly to the comfort of the visitors, but crowds many of the exhibitors and forces them to find stabling room outside the building; even a temporary shed on Twenty-seventh Street helps but little.

In general detail of exhibits, this year's show differs but little, if anything, from those that have gone before. The number of thoroughbreds has increased to nine; this may be attributable somewhat to a large number of unsold English horses at present on hand in this city. The Bard is absent from the list this year, Old Saxony being the best known of the racers exhibited. Of trotters, Arabs, coaching stallions, coaches, saddlers, Corinthian hunters, etc., there are too many entries. This remark applies particularly to the "hunter" classes. Every man—or woman, too, for that matter—who owns some leggy brute that has ever jumped a two-foot hurdle, enters the animal for this show. The result is an enormous quantity of rubbish, that never should be shown anywhere. Fox-hunting, for which the best of these horses are used, is a sport that no conditions of life or climate render necessary in this country. We have no peasant class in America, nor is it a wise thing to create one by riding rough-shod over our farmers' fields in pursuit of a half-tamed fox. All lovers of a country life, all those who thrive upon fresh air and the beauties of an open-air life, welcome every sport that leads to strong lungs and muscles and the manliness which all true sport engenders. Fox-hunting in its two homes, England and Ireland, leads to nothing but rum and dissipation. It brings into play no quality of mind or heart that cannot be obtained in other directions; it makes women coarse and men brutal. In this country it is an exotic that is best not transplanted. Anglo-mania is responsible for much in our social condition that is neither admirable nor healthy; it will deal its advocates a knock-out blow if this hunting fad is pushed to an extreme. There is sufficient antagonism between the classes and the masses over the vexed question of capital vs. labor, without the introduction of fox-hunting to array the farmer class against the gentry of America. The horse-show people should not pander to this spirit to so great an extent as the entries and premiums of this show indicate.

In fact, the fault of each year's show is that the social element in the equine race is done to a turn. Now here is the hackney; the fancy breeders of stock have simply gone mad of this hybrid. Some of the animals imported are well enough in their own sphere, but most of them cannot move out of their own way when asked to show any speed. If the hackney is to be of real use to the native horse, some organized effort should be made to ascertain the best results obtained from the cross of a hackney stallion upon the native-bred mare. The first effort, at best not half wide enough, is made in this year's show, in classes thirty-seven, thirty-eight, and thirty-nine, for fillies "half registered" in the "American Hackney Stud Book," sired by a "full-registered" hackney stallion, out of an unregistered dam. It is time, however, that something were done to ascertain how the average hackney breeds to the general run of mares brought to him; then an idea could be formed of what benefit this influx of hackneys has been to the American-bred horse. There can be no denying, however, that the hackney about monopolizes these horse shows; he is the popular equine favorite. Messrs. A. J. Cassatt, Fairfax, Logan, Lawrence, Webb, Bloodgood, etc., have all imported, at big prices, hackney stallions, and the end of this horse fad is not in sight.

Another omission, it seems to me, is a lack of effort to fill up the draught classes. It is true there are not many draught stallions within easy access of New York, but if greater inducements were offered there would be an in-

crease of entries; and the presence of these great beasts of burden is always a source of wonderment and admiration to the public.

General interest is of course created in the show by the active part taken in it by people in the first ranks of society. There are thousands upon thousands of visitors who know nothing about a horse except that it is an animal with four corners and a leg upon each. They could not tell the difference between a thoroughbred and a Norman, and as to distinguishing a hackney from a Galloway, it is out of the question; and if there were any Suffolk Punches in the show they would recall to their minds "hot toddies," spices, and herbs, rather than a breed of horse. But then, society says "Va pour la concours Hippique," and the public at large flocks thither at the mandate. If you want to see Anglo-mania of both genders out in all the gorgeous array of red vests, shirt fronts, horse-shoe pins, tailor-made gowns, and hats to match for the female sex, visit the horse show of an afternoon between three and five. You can stumble up against lots of girls who have the pedigree of every hackney pat as the stud-book itself. And then there is the dear girl, thousands of her, who knows nothing at all about it save what she hears at the riding-club, and has a "perfectly lovely time," smiling sweetly at the collection of "chappies" sprinkled about the mammoth arena. The "horsey girl" and her coadjutor, the "horsey man," are omnipresent at these horse shows. Sometimes they do their little pantomime very well, and more often it is a very "queer" performance.

At night the arena and the audience are at their best. The men are almost without exception in evening dress, the women gorgeous in superb reception costumes. Standing-room is at more than a premium, and frequently the sale of admission is stopped at the box-office. There is no more gorgeous public social function in this country than the week of the New York horse show. It would be difficult to particularize just which events excite the most interest. Probably all forms of jumping; the entries are more numerous, and an element of danger entering into the competition causes a certain thrill of excitement to stir the audience. The judging of the park and municipal police horses, the catching of runaways, is another interesting event. Tandem and four-in-hand driving naturally are picturesque events. Society is, of course, much interested in these entries, and the judging is awaited with "well-bred" anxiety. When the audience and the judges disagree, which often happens, the former does not hesitate to manifest its displeasure by a vigorous chorus of hisses. This is at once answered by a storm of applause from the friends of the winner in his class. All this must be highly interesting to the gentlemen in the ring, who dispense red, white, blue, and orange rosettes with an impartiality that is indisputable.

The profits of the Horse Show Association are undoubtedly immense; but as it is a very close corporation, the exact profits are unknown. An attendance of ten to twelve thousand people at night alone, the majority paying \$1.50 each, occurs several times in the week; this is for admissions only. Then the boxes are sold at auction to help swell the profit account. This year the entire sale amounted to \$52,585. W. Seward Webb paying \$680 for the choice; W. L. Elkins, \$650; P. A. B. Widener, \$650; H. McK. Twombly, \$650; W. E. Strong, \$650; F. K. Sturgis, \$650; Elliott F. Shepard, \$650, and so on down as low as \$75. Among the other buyers were Charles Carroll, J. L. Kernechan, Joseph Agostini, W. D. Sloane, A. B. Hilton, Brayton Ives, ex-Judge Hilton, William C. Whitney, E. Berry Wall, Anson Phelps Stokes, Jenkins Van Schaick, Frank Work, William Bloodgood, etc.

Altogether horse-show week is a gala event in society. The idle class in this country has grown so rapidly since the war that something must be done to amuse these people. Horse shows are a harmless form of amusement, after all, and should be encouraged. The actual usefulness of these shows must forever remain in doubt, so long as the society horse monopolizes the enthusiasm of the association directors. The work horse is almost entirely ignored in the scheme. There ought to be an annual parade of cart horses, at which liberal prizes should be offered for the best brewers', bakers', butchers', trucking, and general-delivery teams. Then the horse show would have a *raison d'être* outside of its mere society fad. This cart-horse parade is successfully managed at the great show at Islington; why not here? Cavalry and artillery horses are also entirely ignored in the catalogue. Here are some suggestions worthy of consideration for future shows. Moreover, it is an open question how long the horse show, as at present conducted upon certain narrow lines, will continue to attract the public at large in

paying numbers. The American people hunger after variety and change, and the horse show differs in this respect from no other amusement. H. P. M.

## MISS MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING MASTER."

THE taste for opera in this country has widened very materially within the past few years. Comic opera in the vulgar sense has, it is true, monopolized a large share of the public's attention. Less artistic, but cleaner and healthier in tone than their French predecessors of Offenbach, Halévy, etc., they "caught on" because they were sung in the vernacular, and because, too, they created laughter without obscenity; and while their total lack of artistic purpose caused the judicious to grieve, they served, and are doing so yet, to pave the way to create a popular taste for something better than barrel-organ refrains in the music and buffoonery and horse play in the book. Opera comique is, however, a very different thing from the catch phrase "comic opera," as generally applied to most operatic productions, and the lovers of good music and common sense as applied to the book owe a debt of gratitude to Messieurs de Koven and Smith for their joint labors in producing "Robin Hood" and "The Fencing Master." Both these works have done much to purify the public taste, and both are enormous financial successes. So here we have art and materialism meeting upon a common ground and united in purpose.

Mr. J. M. Hill has had his troubles—few theatrical managers have not—but they only served to sharpen his senses and to spur him on to greater and more enduring success. He has revolutionized the Standard Theatre, always looked upon as a "Jonah" house by all the craft; but of all his enterprises he never showed a keener perception into things theatrical than when he contrived to outbid all other managers and secured Marie Tempest to create the leading rôle in De Koven and Smith's new opera comique, "The Fencing Master." Two years ago, when Miss Tempest made her initial bow before the New York public in "The Red Hussar," at Palmer's Theatre, music-lovers were delighted and astonished at the lady's charming personality and exquisite singing and graceful acting. Her song, "Steady, Boys, Steady," soon became a popular melody in every club or resort in New York. After this she sang for a short time under Duff's management, and then sang in "Nanon" at the Casino and on the road, and later created the rôle of *The Tyrolean* at the Casino; this engagement closed her connection with that house. Her next contract was with Mr. Hill for "The Fencing Master." Now, after the direful failure of ballet and vaudeville at the Casino, Miss Tempest has re-dedicated the house as the home of opera comique, and no more true artist could be found to do this graceful deed.

A short sketch of Miss Tempest's career before reaching our shores shows conclusively how thorough has been her art training and upon what solid foundation her future rests. Her father was a banker in Threadneedle Street, London. He died when she was very young and made an old army friend her guardian. He in turn gave her in charge of her grandmother, under whose care she lived until she was sent, at eleven years of age, to a convent in Belgium. The several years of her life spent in the care of the sisters were uneventful, with the exception of a few girlish escapades, that brought upon her the mild displeasure of her teachers. Of course none of these were serious in character, but served to give an indication of that rare flow of spirits and splendid geniality that mark this young artiste's nature.

Her voice gave promise of being an excellent one, and it was carefully trained during her school days with what resources were at hand.

She sang all the *solis* at the convent festivals, and the country people who used to attend them worshiped the dainty little girl who sang so sweetly and prettily. She left the convent when she was seventeen, and was then sent by her aunt, Lady Vane Tempest, to Paris, to complete her education. There she became a fine linguist, and is, in fact, as thoroughly educated a young woman as Paris ever turns out. Miss Tempest's real name is Marie Hetherington, and as her grandmother, during her lifetime, supplied her with every possible luxury, she did not imagine for a moment that she would be obliged to have recourse to the stage in order to profit by her accomplishments. But at her grandmother's death it was discovered that her wealth had been simply a handsome income derived from a life interest in her deceased husband's estate. Thus Marie, at the age of twenty, was left largely dependent upon her own exertions. Her guardian, while giving her a charming home in Kensington, could not do much for her financially. But she had ambition, brains, and courage, and upon meeting the celebrated Garcia—the brother of Mesdames Malibran and Viardot—her fate was decided. It meant the lyric stage. Her first appearance was not an unqualified success. This, on the whole, was a fortunate circumstance, as it served only to increase her determination to succeed. Her first great triumph was in "Dorothy." Replacing Marion Hood in the rôle, she sang it for over eight hundred times, and brought all London to her feet.

Miss Tempest's voice is not very large, but it is so thoroughly musical and well trained, has so much timbre and carrying power, that she



MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING MASTER."

obtains far better and greater artistic results than one possessed of a greater quantity of tone. The well-bred, well-educated woman is observable in every pose, in every action, in every modulation of her voice. In each city Miss Tempest has appeared in she has captured her public by just those qualities which are usually lacking in other opera singers. Her success has not been one of tawdry reputation, ill-gotten jewels, nor beauty of person meretriciously advertised—it has been a genuine artistic triumph. This, combined with Manager Hill's splendid setting of "The Fencing Master," has put this lady at one bound upon the topmost rung of the ladder—the acknowledged queen of the opera-comique stage.

Miss Tempest's innate refinement and association shows through all her work. Her early training in Belgium and her later residence and education in Paris have helped to give a naturally bright and happy temperament a foreign touch that is altogether charming and winsome. Her manners upon the stage, her deference to her audience, are peculiarly French, tempered by a native modesty of demeanor that is as attractive to her own sex as to her male admirers.

In fact, in no prima donna upon the stage, in



light opera, are the qualities of dignity, repose, and archness so joyously blended as in Miss Marie Tempest. Miss Tempest is at present three months over twenty-five years of age, and in her part of the young Venetian boy in "The Fencing Master" she presents a picture of beauty and grace that is never to be forgotten by those who are privileged to have seen her.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

### A CHOLERA ROMANCE.

THEY met down at quarantine station on Staten Island during the cholera scare. He was a reporter on one of the large city dailies, and she, quite by chance, spending the tag end of the season there with a friend and her two children at one of the summer hotels.

It began with a casual introduction by some mutual acquaintance as they all stood on the lawn facing the bay, one morning, watching the arrival in quarantine of a new infected ship. He proffered her the use of his field-glasses, and then—they got to chatting.

She told him that she was doing some special work for the magazines, and he fraternally offered to "give her some tips" on outside matters which the regular reporters were too busy to cover.

That evening, by appointment, he showed her through quarantine, the telegraph and telephone offices, explaining the lot of new cables put in since the quarantine regulations; the loop to the doctor's house, the tricks and wiles by which each reporter tried to "hold the wires for scoops," how they killed time after their midnight bulletins, etc.

She thought it all very interesting, and told him teasingly that she was going to "peach," and write up a story of "the unwritten history of quarantine." So they were right good friends from the first. He found her bright and clever, and quick to "catch on" to the best method of handling the stuff he gave her. Now and then he filed some of her more pertinent stuff with his space matter and handed her the money for it, practically and in a matter-of-fact way, in the presence of her friend.

Between times, stopping at the same hotel, they chanced to take several strolls together to the post-office, the drug store, and even over to the fort and the haunted house.

Their minds leaped to each other understandingly and responsively, as though they had known—or missed—each other all their lives.

As they grew better acquainted they had cozy little midday breakfasts and midnight lunches together, he jotting down "copy" while they ate; and long, drowsy afternoon chats on the veranda while Mrs. Hamilton was busy inside, and the children raced up and down between their chairs and over their feet, in the warm, red sunshine. So things went on in that delightfully unformulated fashion until they had known each other for two weeks.

One morning, after their stroll to the post-office, he said: "Come with me down to St. George; we will catch the next train back," and she acquiesced by turning with him into the path which led to the station without interrupting their conversation at the time.

She waited outside while he ran in the station to attend to some business, and when he returned he said: "Let's take a spin down the beach. I am dead tired, and the drive will do you good."

He seated her in a low-swung open carriage and asked her to wait till he got the morning papers. With these he brought the week's magazines and a basket of grapes—great bunches of purple and amber ones, frosty and luscious-looking in the sunlight—which he piled on the seat in front of them.

Then they went bowling along the wide, smooth, sprinkled drive, curving with the shore, always in sight of the water, the tall trees almost lapping over their heads, and fluttering their bits of autumn-tinted, sun-glinted foliage on their laps as they passed.

Off to the right stretched the blue bay dotted with sails, and farther off toward Sandy Hook the plague-bound ships, with their dark, still hulks and smokeless stacks making dark blots on the tintless monochrome. To the left a beautiful land panorama of green lawns, flower-beds, and red and gray cottages. Yet, neither of them really appreciated the scene, nor ate the fruit, nor more than glanced at the magazines and papers. They looked at each other. Then, somehow, he got to talking of himself—his past life and present. He had been a wild boy; had gone through college more on his muscle than his brains; then he ran away and went to sea, and squandered his youth and earnings; then he came back home, to the South, and let his rich old uncle set him up in business, but the confinement and monotony crucified him. He revolted again, came east, and drifted into news-

paper work. He liked it, and had made lots of money, but saved none. Life was too short and New York too resourceful.

She quite agreed with him. There was too much of this self-appointed and self-rewarded self-sacrifice in the world—living against the grain. If people would only carry it far enough—as Tolstoi had, or not at all, as the French philosophers had, there would not be so many awkward culminations.

Really, she could not find it in her heart to condemn or criticize him at all. She could only think how good and handsome and frank he looked with the clear light on his face and in his eyes. "If he has been 'tough' as he calls it," she said to herself, "it was because he was not appreciated, encouraged, made to hold inviolate faith in himself. There are in him all the elements of a good man." Meanwhile, he was thinking how pretty and sweet she was with that great sheaf of golden-rod in her blue-serge lap, her little gloved hands holding the clumsy russet stalks, and her clear, kind eyes bent so seriously on him. "The kind of eyes," he thought, "which get at a fellow's soul and see good if only by reflection."

Yet neither of them spoke.

She had turned to look at the lawns and cottages. She had been a country girl. She was thinking of a dear, old gray-stone house near the sea on the Connecticut coast, with its mellowing apples and buzzing bees and Jersey cows, and of a kind old husband there, who had married her when she was a child, and had always loved and trusted and indulged her, even to this latest whim of hers of coming to New York and making a great writer out of herself.

He was looking at the sea.

It had been the only home he had ever had. He loved its salty breath, and knew the name and build and trim and signal of every piece of timber on the bay. He had always been sorry he left the sea—till now. Now he had met her.

He wondered what sort of a fellow he would have been if he had met this woman before he met—By Jove! there was Bessie! Poor little, pretty, dull, clinging-vine, Bessie! He wondered if the little woman needed any money. He had been so driven by this quarantine work that he had not had time to think about her; much less, write to her.

He must attend to that that very day. A fellow mustn't weaken on his duty. It was bad enough to be indifferent, and extravagant—he mustn't drift into selfishness and unmanliness. He'd send Bess the whole of this week's salary.

"A penny for your thoughts," she said, lightly of tone, but with very serious eyes.

He took one of her hands, brushing the pollen from her glove with his fingers, and serious eyes met serious eyes.

"They were of you," he said.

Then they both smiled. Then they both sighed.

Then she said: "I shall have to ask you to turn back now. We are going into the city to-day, and I have not packed."

"What! for good?" he asked, quickly.

"Yes, for good," she answered, and he understood.

BELLE HUNT.

### FOREIGN SUBJECTS ILLUSTRATED.

#### RAILWAYS IN AFRICA.

AN illustration from the London *Graphic* depicts the progress of railway enterprise in South Africa. Johannesburg is now joined by rail to the coast, and soon transportation wagons will be abandoned as a means of communication. Towns are springing up along the line of the railways, most of the houses being built of galvanized iron. The Netherlands Railway Company, which has the contract for the construction of the railways in the Transvaal, has to depend almost entirely upon native labor.

#### A MODEL PLAYGROUND.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* an illustration of the Drury Lane playground for children, which has been maintained for some years by the vestry of St. Martin's. The playground, which is open from dawn to dark, "forms a very paradise of enjoyment, undisturbed by fears of sternly watchful policemen, to the children of the Peabody dwellings, the back streets and the courts around." Every large city should have gardens of this sort at convenient centres for the children of the poor.

#### CAPTAIN ANDREWS'S TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE.

We reproduce from the Spanish *Ilustracion Artistica* a picture of Captain William Andrews, of dory fame, who sailed from Atlantic City, U. S. A., on the 20th of July, and arrived in the Spanish port of Huelva, September 27th,

in the cockle-shell craft which is conjointly illustrated. Captain Andrews is a Yankee skipper who travels as the not disinterested advertiser of a certain scouring compound whose name is a household word. His transatlantic exploit, which appears to be taken quite seriously in Spain, may be said to demonstrate, like Sam Patch's leap, that "some things can be done as well as others."

#### THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY.

The war in Dahomey, the black kingdom on the Bight of Benin, West Africa, was precipitated by the attack of the Dahomeyan King, Behanzin, upon the French seaboard trading posts, Kotonou and Porto Novo, in the early part of this year. During the past two months several pitched battles have been fought between the Dahomeyan army, 4,000 strong, and the French expeditionary force of 3,000 men, under the command of Colonel Dodds. The French, despite their insufficient resources, have been uniformly successful in these engagements—notably on October 20th and 21st, when the natives were repulsed with heavy losses after two days' fighting. This leaves Colonel Dodds apparently master of the situation, encamped with his army before Canea, the "holy city," of the Dahomeyan kings, and within easy march of the capital, Abomey, upon which the French expect to move as soon as their re-enforcements arrive from the Senegal. Their total loss throughout this campaign up to October 27th is stated at eighty-five wounded and ten killed, among the latter being Captain Marmet, formerly orderly officer to Colonel Dodds. Our pictures, from the Paris illustrated press, convey a vivid idea of the character of the fighting in those African wilds, and one of them shows a "Dahomeyan telegraph," consisting of a line of natives posted within gunshot hearing of one another, between two camps, and who communicate signals by a system of continuous firing.

### MUSICAL NOTES.

#### THE SEIDL CONCERTS AT LENOX LYCEUM.

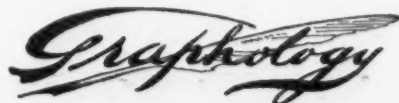
It is a pleasure to note the resumption of the Seidl Sunday-evening orchestral concerts which were such a conspicuous feature of last winter's musical season. The first concert took place on Sunday evening week last before a crowded audience, who gave unmistakable evidence of their appreciation of the excellent programme. We shall have occasion to speak more fully of these concerts.

#### FIRST CONCERT OF THE SYMPHONY SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

The initial concert of the series of 1892-3 (following the public rehearsal of Friday) took place at Carnegie Music Hall on Saturday evening, 12th inst. The programme was in every way a worthy introduction to a season which promises to be of unusual interest; the *piece de resistance* being the familiar "Eroica" Symphony, No. 3, of Beethoven, which displayed in a remarkable manner the resources of Mr. Damrosch's band. It was a treat to hear once again Miss Belle Cole, who has absented herself in London for a term of years. She appeared in two numbers and gave evidence that her voice has not suffered from contact with London fogs. Mr. Walter Damrosch is to be congratulated on such an auspicious opening of the season.

#### THE DAMROSCH SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

Another delightful event in the musical season is the opening of the series of Damrosch Sunday concerts at Carnegie Hall, which occurred on Sunday evening, October 13th. Besides the excellent playing of the orchestra, which was in good form, there was given a delicious rendering of the garden scene in "Faust," which, barring the accessories of costumes and scenery, was splendidly given. The crowded house gave unmistakable evidence of the continued popularity of these Sunday concerts.



We have been both surprised and pleased with the widespread interest aroused by our new Graphological Department. Applications have come to us from all parts of the world, and in numbers so unexpectedly large that we have been obliged to devise some scheme to insure prompt replies and satisfaction to all correspondents, as we are unable to afford the space necessary to print more than a limited number of readings each week. To this end we make the following announcement: Any applicant sending us fifty cents will be entitled to a short chart of character, to be sent by mail, and the colored edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months; \$1. to a minute and circumstantial chart of character and the colored edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

Essex, Weymouth, Mass.—Is industrious, thrifty, the latter more from habit than natural bent; and is neat, this more from training than love of system. A certain quickness of mind is visible: it is purely individual, and is unlike the quickness of better regulated minds.

A prospective touch of eccentricity in the future is suggested, which will arise from a distinct individuality which is not methodical. Will is firm in moderate degree, there is a little restlessness, some vivacity, also sincerity, well intention, and all the indications of a reasonably clear conscience to be read on and between the lines.

J. E. K., Baltimore, Md.—Is unsystematic and little given to plodding, but is quick-witted, observing, and somewhat diplomatic. Will is steadily firm, bends but does not give in, gains its end often by appearing to yield but in reality holding to the main point at issue; attains large ends by making small sacrifices. The forces of this character are as yet not fully developed. Sincerity is to be seen, cheerfulness, a variable but in the main good temper, and excellent habits of reflection. He is industrious, painstaking, is not impulsive or given to imaginative dreams. A bit of egotism is evident.

Demaratus, Columbus, Ohio.—Is inclined to be deliberate, is sometimes selfish, is always ambitious. He is nervous in temperament, observing and reflective. In reasoning he is inclined to be analytical and investigative. I do not think that he possesses all of the qualities which are usually considered necessary to the make-up of a good physician. He is studious, but not a lover of systematic study; is observing and quick-witted, but has not the intuitive and sympathetic insight without which a physician can have no real success. He is warm in his appreciations but is controlled. His affections are sincere and warm, but are not easily or often bestowed. He has not yet found his place in life, and many things in his lines and curves suggest a mind not at rest or satisfied. He is capable of controlling others, has good judgment when impartial and just, is not apt to be indiscreet, is, as a rule, reticent, relies much upon himself, is self-contained, unimpulsive, unimaginative, and is, as a general rule, reliable.

Curiosity, Baltimore, Md.—Is ardent in temperament, warm in appreciation, high strung. Is the battle-ground of an unceasing struggle where ardent impulse, passion and self-repression strive for mastery. Some selfishness is visible, a will which is exacting, tenacious, positive, often to the point of unreason. Mind is clear, logical when allowed freedom, is liberal, capable, and observing. A really good temper is often marred by a touch of obstinacy, and a fine mind by lack of application and the deflection of ambition from the paths of wisdom. Capacity for reticence may be traced, also vivacity, intensity, some extravagance both in idea and habit, and a tendency to destructiveness. Beware, lest self fall the unhappy victim.

Neilson, Toledo, Ill.—Is sincere, honest, frank, industrious, and painstaking. Mind is clear, is as yet receptive but shows the dawning of capacity for imparting. System, thrift, good-temper and reasonable control may be seen, neatness, refinement, and self-respect. Force is a little lacking, but it will grow as contact with the world fosters a more confident independence, aided by knowledge of personal sincerity and the strongly upright intentions of pure and sympathetic nature. I do see the elements of success, perhaps not brilliant for meteor-like, but a better success, which dies not because founded on that sincerity which wins the confidence and respect of all observers.

Juventas, New York.—Has a clear, logical mind, is conspicuously open, honest, and confident. Personality is composed and self-reliant, a bit of selfishness is to be seen, ready observation and some analytical ability, affections which are sincere and

read the character

warm but not impulsive nor apt to run riot. Judgment is excellent, is cool, collected, and as a rule just and impartial. It is a characteristic hand, ambitious but honest, self-thoughtful yet just. It is systematic and speaks good taste.

Victoria, Toledo, Ill.—Is sincere, neat and refined, possesses more than an ordinary degree of vanity, and is somewhat given to sentiment and sentimental thought. Speech is disposed to be communicative, disposition somewhat self-absorbed and impractical. It is not at all unlikely that affection should be bestowed upon such a character, and if she learn real industry and a bit of self-forgetfulness true happiness, whether wedded or single, will be a reward.

Ward Marcus, New York.—Is ambitious, impulsive, spontaneous, liberal and clever. Mind is observing, enterprising, vivacious, sparkling and sympathetic. Speech is fluent, communicative, apt and pleasing. Temperament is ardent, appreciative, and

a bit touched with sentiment. Temper is good, will is firm, tenacious, positive, and at times exacting. The whole speaks a welcome companion, a brilliant guest, a good manager, and one well acquainted with the world, its ways, its pleasures, and its need of sympathetic sincerity.

Frank May, San Francisco, Cal.—Is prompt, systematic, business-like and honest. Frankness, candor, and direct and confident independence are visible, good taste, education, a clear, logical mind, industry, good temper, and readiness of idea. There is a touch of originality, individual personality, mental capability, and some general capacity. A man sure to succeed if he retain his moderation and honesty of intention.

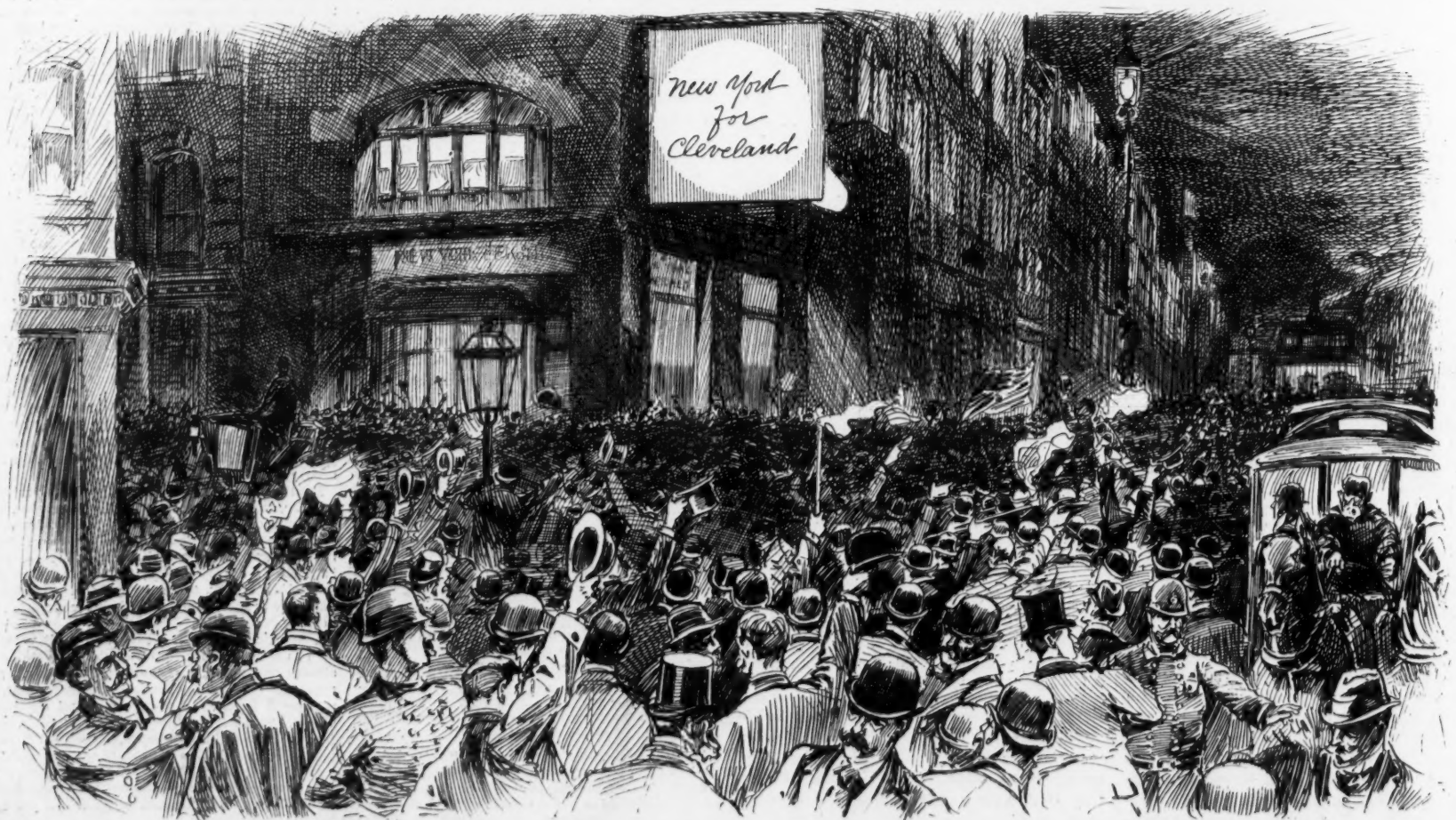
Little One.—Is refined, neat, and a bit versatile. Will is very positive, is obstinate. Affections are sincere and warm, but somewhat exacting. Self-respect is to be seen, some vanity, perseverance, and a general fondness for directing and controlling others. There is considerable individuality, good judgment, some impulsiveness, a clear, active mind, precision, decision, and, alas! some irritability. The whole suggests a touch of poor health or one who is placed in such a position that natural characteristics of ambition and self-will are per force held in abeyance.

is I took it for granted.



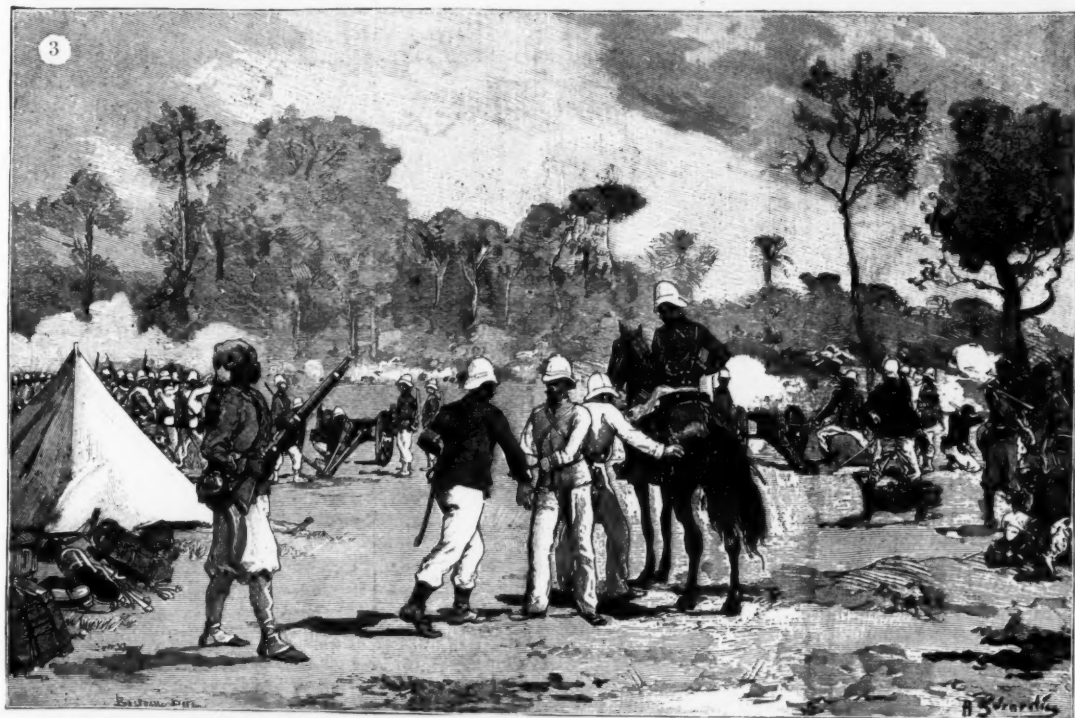
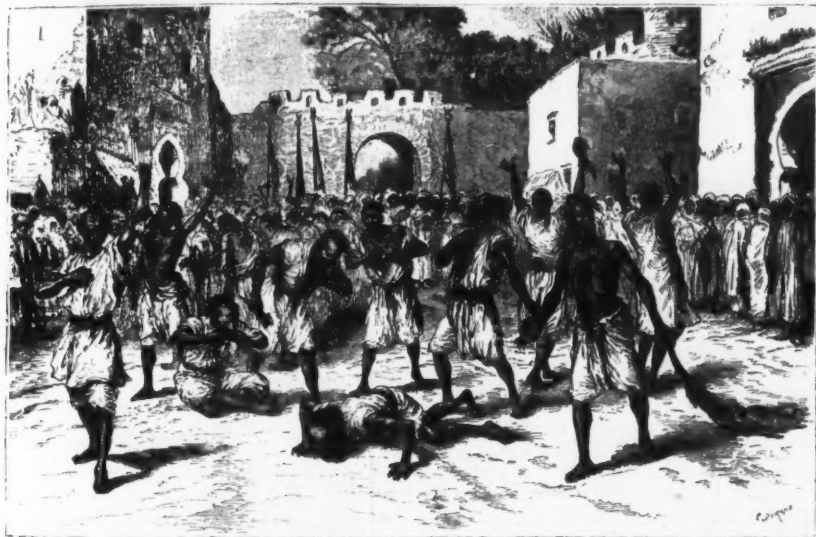


MARIE TEMPEST IN "THE FENCING MASTER."—[SEE PAGE 348.]



SCENES ON ELECTION NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY—DISPLAYING THE RETURNS AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND FIFTH AVENUE.  
DRAWN BY E. J. MEERER.—[SEE PAGE 344.]





1. RELIGIOUS FANATICISM IN MOROCCO—THE SECT OF THE AISSOWAS PARADING THE STREETS. 2. PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE FIRST RAILWAY IN THE TRANSVAAL. 3. THE FRENCH IN DAHOMEY—THE BATTLE AT TAKOU. 4. CAPTAIN ANDREWS AND THE BOAT IN WHICH HE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC, FROM THE UNITED STATES TO HUELVA, SPAIN. 5. A PLAY-GROUND FOR POOR CHILDREN IN DRURY LANE GARDEN, LONDON. 6. DAHOMEYAN TELEGRAPH—CONTINUOUS SIGNALS BY FIRING. 7. THE COMBAT OF GODOMÉ-ZOBBS (DAHOMEY).

SOME INTERESTING FOREIGN EVENTS ILLUSTRATED.—[SEE PAGE 349.]



SERIES OF WASHINGTON TOURS FOR  
THE FALL AND WINTER  
VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

As the various seasons come and go the principal points of interest, as well as those for enjoyment, put in their claims for the attention of the tourists and the traveling public generally. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, through its tourist department, are continually on the *qui vive* in selecting for their series of tours seasons and destinations best adapted for the comfort and pleasure of their patrons.

These Washington tours which are announced for this fall and winter are among the most select and choicest of Pennsylvania Railroad tours, and are so well timed that it gives to the tourist the best traveling season and opportunity of seeing the nation's capital in active operation. The second tour of this series will leave New York in a special train of Pennsylvania Railroad standard coaches on November 10th, and the round-trip rate of \$13 will cover transportation in both directions, as well as include hotel accommodations at the principal hotels in Washington. Tickets, including meals en route, \$1.50 additional. The tours will be of three days' duration.

Later tours to this interesting city are announced to depart November 24th, December 15th and 20th. Application for itineraries should be made to the Pennsylvania Railroad Ticket Agents or Tourist Agent, 849 Broadway, New York.

LORD & THOMAS, of Chicago, have issued in the form of a pocket directory a very complete list of newspapers of the country. This is a specially valuable book for intending advertisers. As the name of the book implies, much information is compressed into a small space.

There is no doubt that the firm of Lord & Thomas will be right "in it" during the World's Fair of 1893. They are active, pushing men, and well deserve their phenomenal success in the advertising business. Their customers are invariably well pleased with their service.

A CAREFUL housekeeper always has Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in the house. Not excelled by any high-priced liniment, Salivation Oil, twenty-five cents a bottle.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light, cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 18 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy goods stores.

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA, unlike other cocoas or chocolates, is so prepared that it will not disturb digestion. All druggists.

DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY's double chloride of gold treatment for drunkenness, drug addiction, and nerve exhaustion can be obtained in New York State only at the Keeley Institutes in White Plains, Binghamton, Canandaigua, Westfield, and Babylon. For terms, address or call at either institute, or at the following offices: 7 East 27th Street, New York City; Room 10, Chapin Block, Buffalo; 32 Larned Building, Syracuse; 122 Ellwanger & Barry Building, Rochester. All communications strictly confidential. Beware of imitators.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN, especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

At every exposition where the Sohmer Pianos have been brought into competition with others they have invariably taken the first prize.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS are the best remedy for removing indigestion. Sold by druggists.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

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BEATTY Pianos, Organs, \$33 up. Want ag'ts. Cat. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Wash'ton, N.J.

## Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

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**R. T. BELLCHAMBERS,**  
Importer of Fine Human Hair Goods,  
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Violet-Scented Oatmeal.	25c.
The purest and best powder for the nursery and toilet.	In tin boxes
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For strengthening and improving the growth of the hair.	In bottles
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For imparting to the cheeks a delicate and lasting bloom.	In bottles
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A most delicate and agreeable powder for the complexion.	In boxes

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With Covers in Colors and Gold, for December, 1892 (out Nov. 15th), 25 cents a copy. will be unusually attractive both in its literary contributions and pictorial embellishments. Special honors will be paid to

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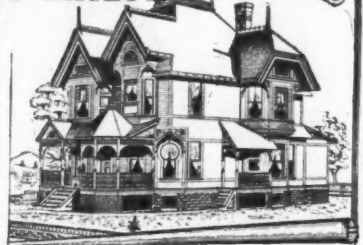
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He's of sinners not chief;  
As the maid's the receiver,  
She's bad as the thief.

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it is a cheap, coarse beer. The brewers who make it make money on it, but the public  
are imposed on. The difference between corn beer and fine barley-malt beer is the  
difference between corn bread and fine white bread. Of the first you can eat a little,  
never much, and it is not always certain to assimilate. The latter can be eaten all the  
time, day after day, year after year, and the result is perfect and exuberant health;  
it is sweet, wholesome, nourishing and invigorating. Of corn beer you can drink but  
little without a protest from the stomach, and the effect is a loss of energy, weariness, stupidity, and drowsiness.  
The barley malt beer, however, is a sparkling, spunky, healthy, quickly assimilating drink, with a body and a char-  
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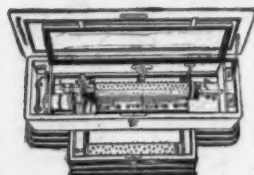
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